National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor

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Pro-Slavery.

A SENSIBLE LETTER

THE "philanthropists" of England have, for some time past, been exceedingly troubled in spirit by the fact of the existence of Slavery in the southern portion of the American confederacy. This subject appears to fill their thoughts to the complete exclusion of all other considerations. They scarcely ever open their mouths without making some denunciatory expression in relation to the institution, and the people among a portion of whom it has its being. Placing entirely out of view the worse than negro bondage in which the greater part of the population of England is held, all their attention is turned towards the condition of the Africans in the southern section of the American Union. Having succeeded in abolishing Slavery in the British West Indies, and, by so doing, ended the prosperity of those islands—ruined the whites, and barbarized the blacks—they are now endeavouring to bring about the same results in the United States. Towards the accomplishment of this end, they are using every means in their power. Not content with stating, at home, their views upon the question, they have had the audacity to present themselves in our midst, for the purpose of intruding upon us their uncalled-for and undesired opinions.

A number of Englishmen, members of the Society of Friends, have recently come to this country, for the purpose of laying before the Governors of the Southern States documents upon the subject of Slavery and its abolition. This impudent procedure has, we are glad to see, met with a deserved rebuke at the hands of Governor Price, of Missouri. This rebuke is conveyed through the medium of a letter to Mr. J[illegible] Forster, one of the Englishmen mentioned above, and is as follows. Its sentiments are such as will commend themselves to the favour of every true American:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
City of Jefferson, Nov. 22, 1853.

MR. JOSIAH FORSTER, &c.: Since the reception from you this day of the report of the "Society of Friends," adopted in London at their late annual meeting, accompanied by a work purporting to be the "Journal of J. Woolman," I have carefully perused the former, and critically examined the latter.

The obvious meaning of both is to discuss and present the question of Slavery as it now exists in the several States of this confederacy in an unfair and very partial manner. The Constitution of the United States, as well as the Constitution of many of our States, respectively, implicitly sanctions and protects this institution. The citizens of the slave States profess to be more capable than any other people to determine the important questions growing out of the relation of master and servant; and it is a fact, now universally acknowledged by intelligent minds, that great and incalculable injury has already resulted to the slaves of North America on account of the misguided zeal of those who have undertaken to embrace the whole universe in the sphere of their philanthropy.

Now, more than fifty years ago, the seeds of that fanaticism which, permit me to say, are plainly discernible both in the report of the Society of Friends and in the accompanying work of Woolman were sown in the great and powerful city of London. Their first fruits were soon after gathered on the Island of St. Domingo. Since that day the spirit of the founders of Abolitionism has never slept. In our own country are to be found many who, while they do not espouse the cause of this institution as established among us, yet there are few in all our vast extent who are disposed in any way to agitate the subject. These few constitute among us exceptions to law-abiding and dutiful citizens, and doubtless to their phrenized zeal may be justly attributed the presumptuous liberties which even foreigners themselves feel sometimes disposed to take. But I find myself exceeding the bounds which I had set for this letter, and I will therefore conclude by returning the documents, and requesting, in behalf of the citizens of Missouri, whom I represent, that all such appeals and efforts for the future be directed to the improvement and amelioration of the distresses and sufferings of subjects of the British nation, and especially of the inhabitants of the city of London, whence has arisen that false philauthropy which has cursed the negroes of the West Indies, and which only tends to injure the condition of the slaves of this Union.

I have the honour, &c STERLING PRICE.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE PARAMOUNT QUESTION.

THERE is no intelligent man of any party or section of the United States who does not know and feel that the question of Slavery is the vital question of this republic—more important in its bearings upon the destiny of the American people than all other questions, moral, political and religious, combined. Politicians may cry peace—peace; but there is no peace for the slaveholder. Partisan intriguers may counsel silence and submission, in the face of incessant machinations against the institution, at home and abroad; but eternal vigilance is the only word of safety for the friends of the Union and the people of the South. Upon the final settlement of this question in our own national counsels and organizations, depend the commercial prosperity of the United States—the permanency of the Union—and all the hopes and destinies of mankind that are staked upon the success of free government.

To casual observers, the odds against Slavery would seem overwhelming. Great Britain is openly, secretly, politically and commercially its implacable and indefatigable foe. Her commercial interests, which ramify every channel of commerce—which effect every payment of money in the world, from the negotiation of loans for carrying on the wars of Europe to the purchase of peltry in the snows of the Rocky Mountains—which enter into and mix up with the whole monetary affairs of the world, as oxygen with the universal atmosphere—these are all antagonistic to Slavery. They are so for good cause. If Slavery and the prosperity it fosters and maintains continue, the sceptre of commerce will be transferred from a monarchy to a republic, and its palaces be removed across the Atlantic from London to New York.

European governments are all deadly inimical to to Slavery. They are aristocratic and tyrannical, and implacably hostile to the institutions of this country—that of Slavery especially as the foundation of the whole fabric. To destroy Slavery—which they know well to be the talisman of our amazing prosperity—as well as the balance wheel of conservatism in the Union—is the dearest object of their hearts. Our government is a living reproach to their rotten, cruel, tyrannical system; it is far too brilliant and well established to be supercilliously ignored any longer.

The Pharisaical religionists of the day, of our own and of foreign countries, now, as at all former periods, are also deadly hostile to Slavery. The fanaticism of religious and socialist dreamers is all levelled against Slavery, and all the confederated gang of the followers of Circe, who delight in bestiality, and fester in malice and ignorance, are pressed into their service, to swell the throng and augment the clamour. The slaveholding States are begirt with a circle of fire; and who amongst us does not understand and feel the necessity of presenting to our foes a front, devoted, fierce and courageous; and, like the Pyrrhic phalanx, not only impenetrable, but irresistible? The stake we fight for is our peace and our property, our lintels and our hearth-stones, our wives and daughters.

There never was, at any period of the general onset against Slavery, a greater necessity for vigilance and union, for fortitude and determination, than now. All that talent, money, ingenuity and subtlety can do to overthrow Slavery, is actively practised at this very hour. Anti-Slavery has changed its tactics, but not its purpose, zeal or malignity. The plan is now to lull the South into a false security, by preaching a cessation of the Slavery agitation. Open force has been tried through political organization, and has failed; the Buffalo platformists, with the Van Burens and Weeds, led the assault in 1848, and were overwhelmed with defeat and disgrace. Their confederated allies, Seward, Greeley, Abby Kelly and Fred. Douglass, with their motley legions, could not change the fortune of the day, either then or in 1852. It became evident, from experiment, that open warfare would not do. A quiet period of deceitful amnesty—a more rigid, subtle, active system of propagandism—became necessary to be resorted to before another political demonstration should be made with any hope of success. Their leaders, accordingly, recanted with apparent penitence, and even made bold to get upon platforms with Southern people.

But he is indeed a shallow observer, if not a hopeless fool, who believes that "the Slavery agitation" is ended. The embattled legions of Hell, driven out of Heaven by the pure archangels into lakes of eternal fire, were not actuated with a fiercer or more malignant spirit of hate towards the God of Heaven than are the Abolitionists and their sympathizers against Slavery and the South. And, like the Devil, having tried force and failed, they now resort to subtlety and fraud. They express a wish that agitation may cease. Seward counsels quiet—Greeley counsels peace—the whole Free Soil array invokes the South to amnesty. Those fellows who derided the Baltimore platform—spit upon it and spurned its principles—yet voted the Democratic ticket in 1852—they raise their voice in favour of abstaining from further political agitation of Free Soil principles, which they esteem "of more value" than anything but gold and the spoils of office. In the meantime, however, the fountains and channels of public opinion are poisoned against Slavery and the slaveholder. A million of copies of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" meet with greedy purchasers. The fiction is dramatized and represented in the theatres of New York, for months in succession, to packed audiences, with greater profit to managers than the book itself was to its authoress and publishers. The foul lie elicits patronage to an extent unprecedented in the history of the drama. This wholesale libel on the South and malignant slander upon her people has been played one hundred and thirty nights in succession to undiminished crowds and unabated enthusiasm. Preachers, periodicals and papers, too, of every grade and every degree of merit or demerit, declaim and publish every calumny which malice, falsehood or frenzy can suggest against Slavery and slaveholders.

The object of this system of slander and assault is apparent; and when, by this course of action, the sentiment of the North shall be united and fixed upon the subject, who is it so dull as not to see that the next step will be a revival of political agitation. Meantime, our enemies claim the highest honours and emoluments of the republic.

There is but one remedy for the evil—but one shield against the danger; and if the South fail to use both, she will deserve the inevitable fate that must ensue. With the assistance of a heroic, patriotic and fearless band, large in number, great intellect and integrity, at the North, who are with us for the country's sake, the South can control the action of the federal government. This power should be so exercised as to "crush out," really and truly, the Free Soil and Anti-Slavery fanaticism. There should be no peace or truce allowed the insidious enemy. "*Crush it out,*" should be the shibboleth and the watchword. This should be the answer to every Free Soil fanatical aspirant to office and hunter after emolument. Amnesty—pardon—peace—should only be granted to those who have fully, openly and honestly renounced their sinful ways and performed works meet for repentance. All other questions sink into insignificance before this, and the slang about treason to party, which flunkeyism is always ready to put forth to shield a patronage-dispensing power from fearless censure, should be scoffed at and contemned. There can be no treason where men array themselves on the side of right and their country.—*Richmond Examiner, Dec.* 6.

CONGRESS.

SPEECH OF GERRIT SMITH,

ON THE REFERENCE OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

December 20, 1853.

It is natural, Mr. Chairman—nay, it is almost necessary—that, from the difference in our temperament, our education, our pursuits, and our circumstances, we should take different views of many a subject which comes before us. But, if we are only kind in expressing these views, and patient in listening to them, no harm, but, on the contrary, great good, will come from our discussions.

As this is the first time I have had the floor, it may be well for me now to confess, that I am in the habit of freely imputing errors to my fellow-men. Perhaps I shall fall into this habit on the present occasion. It may be a bad habit. But is it not atoned for by the fact, that I do not claim, that I am myself exempt from errors; that I acknowledge that I abound in them; and that I am ever willing that those whom I assail should make reprisals? I trust, sir, that so long as I shall have the honour to hold a seat in this body, I may be able to keep my spirit in a teachable posture, and to throw away my errors as fast as honourable gentlemen around me shall convince me of them.

I have risen, Mr. Chairman, to make some remarks on that portion of the President's Message, which it was proposed, a few moments since, to refer to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Message endorses, fully and warmly, the conduct of the Administration in the case of Martin Koszta. For my own part, I cannot bestow unqualified praise on that conduct. Scarcely upon Captain Ingraham can I bestow such praise. It is true that I honour him for his brave and just determination to rescue Koszta; but I would have had him go a step farther than he did, and insist on Koszta's *absolute* liberty. I would have had him enter into no treaty and hold no terms, with kidnappers. I would have had him leave nothing regarding Koszta's liberty to the discretion of the French Consul, or any other Consul; to the discretion of the French Covernment or any other government. Koszta was an American subject—a kidnapped American subject—and hence the American Government was bound to set him immediately and unconditionally free. But Captain Ingraham represented the American Government. For that occasion he was the American Government. For saying what I have here said, I may appear very inconsistent in the eyes of many, who know my opposition to all war; for they may regard Captain Ingraham as having been ready to wage war upon Austria—as having, indeed, actually threatened her with war. But, notwithstanding my opposition to all war, I defend Captain Ingraham's purpose to use force, should force become necessary. I believe that such purpose is in harmony with the true office of Civil Government. I hold that an armed national police is proper, and that here was a fit occasion for using it, had moral influences failed. But to believe in this is not to believe in war. It is due to truth to add that Captain Ingraham should not be charged with designing war upon Austria. Why should he be thus charged? He had, properly, nothing whatever to do with Austria, nor with the Austrian Consul. There was no occasion for his doing with either of them, nor for his even thinking of either of them. For him to have supposed that Austria, or any of her authorities, could be guilty of kidnapping, would have been to insult her and them. He had to do only with the kidnappers, who were restraining Koszta of his liberty; and all he had to do with these kidnappers was to compel them to an unconditional and immediate surrender of their prey.

I will say, by the way, that I do not condemn the conduct of our Minister, Mr. Marsh, in relation to Koszta, for the good reason that I am not sure what it was. If it was, as it is reported to have been, I trust that both the Administration and the whole country will condemn it.

It is denied, in certain quarters, that Koszta was an American subject. But Secretary Marcy has argued triumphantly that, in the light of international law, he was. I regret that he had not proceeded to argue it in other light also. I regret that he had not proceeded to show that, even if admitted international law is to the contrary, nevertheless, by the superior law of reason and justice, Koszta was an American subject. I regret that he had not proceeded to publish to the world that, when a foreigner becomes an inhabitant of this land, abjures allegiance to the Government he had left, and places himself under the protection of ours, the American Government will protect him, and that, too, whether with or without international law, and whether with the world or against the world. In a word, I regret, that the Secretary did not declare that if international law shall not authorize the American Government to protect such a one, then American law shall. It is high time that America should justify herself in such a case by something more certain and authoritative than European codes. It is high time that she should base her justification, in such a case, on the immutable laws and everlasting principles of reason and justice.

It may be asked whether I would allow that the subject of a foreign Government, who is alleged to be charged with an offence, and who has fled to our country, can find shelter in his oath of allegiance to our Government? I answer, that I would not allow him to be kidnapped; and that, if his Government wants him, it must make a respectful call on our Government for his extradition. I add, that I would have our Government the sole judge of the case whether he is charged with an offence; and also the sole judge whether the offence with which he may be charged is a crime—a real and essential crime—for which he should be surrendered; or a merely conventional and nominal crime, for which he should not be surrendered.

A few words in regard to the charge that Captain Ingraham invaded the rights of a neutral State. It is to be regretted that the Secretary did not positively and pointedly deny the truth of this charge. I admit that no denial of it was needful to his argument with Mr. Hulsemann. The denial would, however, have been useful. No, sir; Captain Ingraham did not violate the rights of Turkey. But, although America cannot be justly charged with violating the rights of Turkey, Turkey nevertheless can be justly charged with violating the rights of America. She violated the rights of America, inasmuch as she failed to afford to Koszta the protection which she owed him. If she is not fairly chargeable with permitting him to be kidnapped, she nevertheless is fairly chargeable with permitting him to remain kidnapped, and that is virtually the same thing. To say that Captain Ingraham violated the rights of Turkey, is nonsense. It is nonsense if, for no other reason, that she had no rights in the case to be violated. She had none, for the simple reason, that she suffered her laws to be silent. The only ground on which a neutral State can claim respect at the hands of belligerents is, that, so far as she is concerned, their rights are protected. If she allows injustice to them, then they may do themselves justice. If she refuses to use the law for them, then they may take it into their own hands. For Turkey to suspend her laws, as she did in the present case, is to leave to herself no ground of wonder or complaint, if a brave Captain Ingraham supplies her lack of laws.

But I may be asked, whether I would really have had Captain Ingraham fire into the Austrian ship? I answer, that I would have had him set Koszta free, cost what it might. At the same time, I admit, that there would have been blame, had it cost a single life; and that this blame would have rested, not upon the Turks and Austrians only, but upon our own countrymen also. This is so, for the reason that neither our own country nor any other country is so fully identified with justice, in the eyes of all the world, as to make its character for justice an effectual substitute for violence—as to make, in a word, its character for justice its sufficient power to obtain justice. Were our country proverbial, the world over, for wisdom and goodness—were our love to God and man known and read of all men—were every nation to know that, both at home and abroad, our Government acts upon Christian principles—then no nation would wrong us, and no nation would let us be wronged. Then, if one of our people were kidnapped in a foreign land, as was Koszta, the government of that land would promptly surrender him, at our request. It would pass upon our title to the individual confidingly and generously, rather than jealously and scrutinously. And even if it entertained much doubt of our title, it would nevertheless waive it, under the influence of its conviction that we ask nothing which we do not honestly believe to be our due, and that our character is such as richly to entitle us to all that is possibly our due. Having such a character, our moral force would supersede the application of our physical force. Had physical force been needful to effect the deliverance of Koszta, it would have been needful merely because the American people and American Government lacked the moral character, or, in other words, the moral force, adequate to its deliverance. But as I have already intimated, our nation is no more deficient in this respect than other nations.

I said that I could not bestow unqualified praise on the Administration for its part in the Koszta affair. In one or two of those passages of rare rhetorical beauty in his letter to Mr. Hulsemann, Secretary Marcy insinuates the despotic character of Austria. Now, I will not say that there was impudent hypocrisy in the insinuation; but I will say that the insinuation was in bad taste, and that it was bad policy. A cunning policy would studiously avoid, in our diplomatic correspondence, all allusions to despotism and oppression, lest such allusions might suggest to the reader comparisons between our country and other countries that would be quite unfavourable to us.

I admit that Austria is an oppressor. But is it not equally true, and far more glaringly true, that America is a much greater and guiltier oppressor? Indeed, compared with our despotism, which classes millions of men, women, and children, with cattle, Austrian despotism is but as the little finger to the lions. Surely, surely, it will never be time to taunt Austria with being an oppressor until the influence of American example is such as to shame Austria out of her oppression, rather than to justify and confirm her in it.

In this same letter to the Representative of Austria, Mr. Marcy presumes to quote, as one of the justifications of Capt. Ingraham's conduct, the Divine law, *to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.* Now, was it not the very acme of presumption for the American Government to quote this law, while it surpasses every other Government in trampling it under foot? Did Mr. Marcy suppose Mr. Hulsemann to be stone-blind? Did he suppose, that Mr. Hulsemann had lived in the city of Washington so long and yet had seen nothing of the buying and selling of human beings as brutes, which is continually going on here, under the eye, and under the authority, of Government? Did he suppose that Mr. Hulsemann could be ignorant of the fact that the American Government is the great slave-catcher for the American slaveholders? Did he suppose him to be ignorant of the fact that the great American slave trade finds in the American Government its great patron; and that this trade is carried on, not only under the general protection, but under the specific regulations, of Congress? Did he suppose him to be ignorant of the fact that many, both at the North and South (among whom is the President himself) claim, that American Slavery is a national institution?—and made such by the American Constitution? It *is* a national institution. If not made such by our organic law, it is, nevertheless, made such by the enactments of Congress, the decisions of the Judiciary, and the acquiescence of the American People. And did Mr. Marcy suppose Mr. Hulsemann to be entirely unaware that the present Administration surpasses all its predecessors in shameless pledges and devotion to the Slave Power? Certainly, Mr. Marcy fell into a great mistake, in presuming Mr. Hulsemann to be in total darkness on all these points. If, indeed, a mistake, it is a very ludicrous one. It but an affectation, it is too wicked to be ludicrous.

I referred, a moment since, to some of the evidences of the nationality of American Slavery. It, sometimes, suits the slaveholders to claim that their Slavery is an exclusively State concern; and that the North has, therefore, nothing to do with it. But as well may you, when urging a man up hill with a heavy load upon his back, and with your lash also upon his back, tell him that he has nothing to do either with the load or the lash. The poor North has much to do with Slavery. It staggers under its load and smarts under its lash.

But I must do Secretary Marcy and the Administration justice. What I have said, were I to stop here, would convey the idea, that in his letter to Mr. Hulsemann, the Secretary inculcates the duty of *unconditional* obedience to the law, which requires us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. He is, however, very far from doing so. He remembers, as with paternal solicitude, American Slavery and the Fugitive Slave Act, and provides for their safety. To this end he qualifies the commandment of God, and makes it read, that we are to obey it only when there is no commandment of man to the contrary. In a word, he adopts the American theology—that pro-slavery theology which makes human Government paramount to Divine, and exalts the wisdom and authority of man above the wisdom and authority of God.

I said that I must do the Secretary justice: and I have now done it. But, in doing it, a piece of flagrant injustice has been brought to light. For what less than flagrant can I call his injustice to the Bible? The secretary says that this blessed volume "enjoins upon all men, everywhere, *when not acting under legal restraint*, to do unto others whatever they would that others should do unto them." Now, the phrase "when not acting under legal restraint" is a sheer interpolation. The commandment, as we find it in the Bible, is without qualification—is absolute. The Administration is guilty, therefore, through its Secretary, of deliberately corrupting the Bible. Moreover, it is guilty of deliberately corrupting this authentic and sacred record of Christianity at the most vital point. For this commandment to do unto others as we would have others do unto us is the sum total of the requirements of Christianity. I say so on the authority of Jesus Christ himself. For when He had given this commandment, He added: "for this is the law and the prophets."

I am not unmindful how strong a temptation the Administration was under, in this instance, to corrupt the Bible. I am willing to make all due allowance on that account. Strong, however, as was the temptation, it nevertheless should have been resisted. I am well aware that for the Administration to justify the rescue of Koszta on the unqualified, naked Bible ground, of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us, would be to throw open the door for the rescue of every fugitive slave. It would be to justify the rescue of Shadrach at Boston. It would be to justify the celebrated rescue in my neighbourhood—I mean the rescue of Jerry at Syracuse. It would be to justify the bloody rescue at Christiana. For, not only is it true that all men would be rescued from Slavery, but it is also true that very nearly all men would be rescued from Slavery even at the expense of blood. I add, that for the Administration to justify on naked Bible ground the rescue of Koszta, would be, in effect, to justify the deliverance of every slave. Now, for an Administration that sold itself in advance to the Slave Power, and that is indebted for all its hopes and for its very being to that Power—for such an Administration to take the position of simple Bible truth, and thereby invite the subversion of all Slavery, would be to practice the cruellest ingratitude. Such ingratitude could not fail to exasperate the Slave Power—that mighty and dominant Power, before which not only the Administrations of the American People, but the American People themselves, fall down as abjectly as did Nebuchadnezzar's people before the image which he had set up. Nevertheless, however important it may be to maintain Slavery, it is far more important to maintain Christianity; and the Administration is therefore to be condemned for giving up Christianity for Slavery. I add, that, if American Slavery is, as the famous John Wesley called it, "the sum of all villanies," then it is certainly a very poor bargain to exchange Christianity for it.

Sir, this doctrine of the Administration, that human enactments are paramount to Divine law, and that the Divine authority is not to be allowed to prevail against human authority, is a doctrine as perilous to man as it is dishonourable to God. In denying the supremacy of God, it annihilates the rights of man. I trust that a better day will come, when all men shall be convinced that human rights are not be secured by human cunning and human juggles, but solely by the unfaltering acknowledgment of the Divine power. This crazy world is intent on saving itself by dethroning God. But, in that better day, to which I have referred, the conviction shall be universal that the only safety of man consists in leaving God upon his throne.

To illustrate the absurdity of this atheistic doctrine of the Administration, we will suppose that, by a statute of Turkey, any person, Hungarian-born, ought to be kidnapped. Then, according to this atheistic doctrine, Capt. Ingraham had no right to rescue Koszta, for his kidnappers, in that case, were acting "under legal restraint."

Mr. SOLLERS, of Maryland. Mr. Chairman, what is the question before the House?

The CHAIRMAN (Mr. Orr, of South Carolina). Does the gentleman from Maryland rise to a question of order?

Mr. SOLLERS. I do.

The CHAIRMAN. What is the gentleman's question?

Mr. SOLLERS. I want to know what is the subject before the House?

The CHAIRMAN. The subject is the reference of the President's Message.

Mr. SOLLERS. The gentleman from New York is making an Abolition speech, and I do not see its relevancy to the question before the House.

The CHAIRMAN. The gentleman from New York is entitled to the floor, and he is in order.

Mr. SMITH. The gentleman from Maryland says that I am making an Abolition speech. I *am*: and I hope he will be patient under it. I, in my turn, will be patient under an *anti*-Abolition speech.

But I will proceed to my illustrations of the absurdity of this atheistic doctrine of the Administration. What, too, if there was a statute of Turkey declaring it right to kidnap any person who is American born? Then, according to this corrupt theology of the Administration, we should not be at liberty to rescue an American citizen who might be kidnapped in Turkey. And what, too, if acting under human authority, or in the language of the Administration, "under legal restraint," the people of one of the Barbary States should kidnap Secretary Marcy, and even President Pierce himself—then, according to this God-dethroning doctrine of the Administration, our hands would be tied; and we should have no right to reclaim these distinguished men. The supposition that such distinguished men can be kidnapped is not absurd. The great Cervantes was a slave in one of the Barbary States. So, too, was the great Arago. And it is not beyond the pale of possibility that even the great Secretary and the great President may yet be slaves. I am aware, that they, who stand up so stoutly for Slavery, and for the multiplication of its victims, dream not that they themselves can ever be its victims. They dream not that this chalice, which they put to the lips of others, can ever be returned to their own. And, yet, even this terrible retribution, or one still more terrible than any which this life can afford, may be the retribution of such stupendous treachery and enmity to the human brotherhood. Little did Napoleon think, when, with perfidy unutterable, he had the noble but ill-fated Toussaint L'Ouverture carried across the waters, to perish in a prison,

> "That he himself, then greatest among men,
> Should, in like manner, be soon conveyed
> Athwart the deep,"*

to perish, also, in a prison.

In that great day (for which, as it has been sublimely said, all other days were made) when every man shall "receive the things done in his body," let me not be found of the number of those who have wielded civil office to bind and multiply the victims of oppression. When I witness the tendency of power in human hands, be it civil or ecclesiastical, or any other power, to such perversion, I shrink from possessing it, lest I, too, might be tempted to lend it to the oppressor instead of the oppressed. "So I returned," says the wise man, "and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter: and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter."

I proceed to say that this detestable doctrine of the Administration goes to blot all over that page of history of which Americans are so proud. I mean that page which records the famous achievement of Decatur and his brave companions in the Mediterranean. For it must be remembered that the Algerine slaveholders, who were so severely chastised, and that, too, notwithstanding, being the most ignorant, they were the least guilty class of slaveholders—I say, it must be remembered that these Algerine slaveholders acted under human Government, or, in the words of the Administration, "under legal restraint;" and were, therefore, according to the wisdom of the Administration, released from all obligation to do unto others as they would have others do unto them; and were at entire liberty to enslave Americans as well as other people.

I add, that this blasphemous doctrine of the Administration leaves unjustified, and utterly condemns, every war which this nation has waged; for every such war has been against a people acting under the authority of their Government, or, in the language of the Administration, "under legal restraint." What if our enemy, in fighting against us, was guilty of fighting against God?—was guilty of trampling under the Divine law? Nevertheless, according to the sage teachings of the Administration, his guilt was overlaid with innocence, from the fact that he was "acting under legal restraint." Surely, it will not be pretended that *our* transgressions of the Divine law are excused by *our* "legal restraint" and that the like transgressions, on the part of others, cannot be excused by the like cause. Surely if we may put in the plea of "legal restraint" against Divine laws, so may others.

Alas, what a disgusting spectacle does the Administration present, in its deliberate corruption of the Bible, for the guilty purpose of sparing so abominable and vile a thing as Slavery! Alas, what a pitiable spectacle of self-degradation does this nation present, in choosing such an Administration, and in remaining patient under it! And how rank, and broad, and glaring, is the hypocrisy upon the brow of this nation, who, whilst her feet are planted on the millions she has doomed to the horrors, and agonies and pollutions of Slavery, holds, nevertheless, in one hand, that precious, Heaven-sent volume, which declares that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth;" and in the other, that emphatically American paper, which declares that "all men are created equal!" And how greatly is the guilt of this nation, in her matchless oppressions, aggravated by the fact that she owes infinitely more than ever did any other nation to Christianity, and liberty, and knowledge; and that she is, therefore, under infinitely greater obligation than was ever any other nation to set an example, blessed in all its influences, both at home and abroad! Other nations began their existence in unfavourable circumstances. They laid their foundations in despotism, and ignorance, and superstition. But Christianity, and liberty, and knowledge, waited upon the birth of this nation, and breathed into it the breath of life.

My hour is nearly up, and I will bring my remarks to a close. After all, the Administration has done us good service, in attempting to qualify the Divine command, to do unto others as we would have others do unto us; for, in attempting to do this for the sake of saving Slavery, it has, by irresistible implication, admitted that the command itself requires to "let the oppressed go free."

This precious law of God contains, as they are wont to insist, ample authority for all the demands of the Abolitionists—that despised class of men, to which I am always ready to declare that I belong. Hence, the Administration, in quoting this law as the great rule of conduct between men, has, in no unimportant sense, joined the Abolitionists. I say it has quoted this law—this naked law. I say so not because I forget the words with which it attempted to qualify the law, but because inasmuch as the law, which God has made absolute, man cannot qualify, these qualifying words fall to the ground, and leave the naked law in all its force. I admit that the Administration did not quote this law for the sake of manifesting its union with the Abolitionists; for, yet a while at least, it expects more advantage from its actual union with the slaveholders than it could expect from any possible union with the Abolitionists. No; the Administration quoted this law for the sake of serving a purpose against Austria; and it flattered itself that, by means of a few qualifying words, it could shelter Slavery from the force of the quotation. But, in this, it fell into a great mistake. Its greater mistake, however, was in presuming to quote the Bible at all. The Administration should have been aware that the Bible is a holy weapon, and is therefore fitted to anti-slavery, instead of pro-slavery, hands. It should have been aware that it is more dangerous for pro-slavery men to undertake to wield this weapon than it is for children to play with edge tools. The Bible can never be used in behalf of a bad cause, without detriment to such cause.

I conclude, Mr. Chairman, by expressing the hope that this egregious blunder of the Administration, in calling the Bible to its help—a blunder, by the way, both as ludicrous and wicked as it is egregious—will, now that the blunder is exposed, be not without its good effect, in the way of admonition. I trust that this pro-slavery Administration, and, indeed, all pro-slavery parties and pro-slavery persons, will be effectually admonished by this blunder to let the Bible entirely alone, until they shall have some better cause than Slavery to serve by it.

*Rogers's Italy.

Selections.

A CHAPTER OF ANTI-SLAVERY NEWS.

MANCHESTER, 9th Dec., 1853.

THE last few days have been days of thrilling interest to some of us Abolitionists in this huge cotton metropolis. The apathy on the subject of American Slavery, in this city, had lasted so long that we thought it almost impossible that a revival would ever take place. But we are having one, and instead of dying out like the revivals at some of your Camp Meetings, it is so unceasing in enthusiasm and extent, that we are beginning to hope that such a permanent and active interest in the cause of the slave will be elicited in the manufacturing districts as will help to bring the day of his emancipation nearer than it now seems to be.

In previous communications I have told you what a giant blow would be struck at American Slavery if the cotton-producing resources of India were developed as they could and must be. Apart from the question of philanthropy, the cotton spinners and operatives of Lancashire and Yorkshire have a peculiar interest in obtaining cotton cheap and good from our distant possessions in Asia. Hence the sympathies of the most enlightened amongst them are aroused on behalf of a society which, like the Manchester Anti-Slavery Union, proposes to crush Slavery through India, and in doing so to give security to the cotton interests of this country, as well as to elevate the physical and intellectual condition of the Hindoo.

The inaugural meeting of the Society was held in the Friends' Meeting House, on the 24th ult. The evening was excessively wet, but 2,000 persons assembled in the spacious edifice. Thomas Clegg, Esq., occupied the chair. Mr. Clegg has, I believe, spent something like £20,000 in promoting the cultivation of Cotton in Africa, and anticipates about 70,000 bales from the Western coast of that continent during the ensuing year. After the Constitution of the Society had been read by myself, Mr. Jos. Sturge addressed the meeting, especially on the free labour question, on which subject he read letters from Professor and Mrs. Stowe. The Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, Mr. L. A. Chamerovzow, then delivered an address, in which he dwelt especially on the guilt of the American Churches, alluded in thrilling language to those pro-Slavery ministers who, "with the words of God on their lips, have the iniquity of the Devil in their hearts;" and administered a severe but merited rebuke to those "wolves in sheep's clothing," the pro-slavery ministers of America, who, in this country, assume an anti-slavery garb.

That prince of orators and most devoted of British Abolitionists, Mr. George Thompson, followed Mr. Chamerovzow in a long and eloquent speech, crowded with unanswerable arguments and brilliant illustrations, such as a great master of logic, and of words, and I may add, also, of the subject under discussion, alone could produce.

The Rev. S. R. Ward, of Canada, was the next speaker. His wit was of the richest order, and his common sense was no less good.

After another speech or two, the proceedings of this most gratifying meeting terminated.

Much astonishment exists in the minds of many friends of the cause, as to the strange mixture of parties at this gathering. The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has long ceased to enjoy the regard of many active Abolitionists in this country, and the presence, therefore, of George Thompson on the same platform with Joseph Sturge has very naturally excited surprise. Let us hope that we shall be justified in regarding this circumstance as the prelude to a union of Abolitionists in Great Britain, based upon truth and righteousness, and untainted by the slightest mixture of sectarianism. There must, however, be no compromise. It must be understood that such an alliance can never take place unless the claims of thorough abolitionism are fully and unhesitatingly recognised. I was very glad that Mr. Thompson, in his speech, declared that in the Anti-Slavery cause "it was our duty to co-operate with the Bey of Tunis, even (who is an anti-slavery man) despite his Mahommedanism." This sentiment was enthusiastically cheered. Sometimes I am inclined to believe that union is impossible—that the wall of bigotry is too high, and too solid, ever to be thrown down; but still it is worth the attempt, and trying we may succeed.

The Manchester Union is not confining its labors to this city alone, but is engaged in an active agitation throughout the district of the spinning-jenny.

Mr. Thompson lectured in Bury, last Friday, to a large and deeply interested auditory, the Rev. Franklin Howorth in the chair. We had tea at the house of Mr. Howorth, with several ministers of the town, who, we found, were hearty Abolitionists. On Monday evening we both went to Heywood, where Mr. Thompson lectured in the Mechanics' Institute. Charles Cheetham, Esq., a wealthy cotton spinner, presided. The audience was very enthusiastic, and Mr. Thompson spoke with great power and eloquence. I staid at the house of Mr. Cheetham, while Mr. Thompson stopped with Mr. Fenton, another eminent cotton spinner, whose father was the first representative in Parliament of the borough of Rochdale.

On Tuesday Mr. Thompson proceeded to Blackburn, where a highly successful meeting was held, at which a very respected Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Francis Skinner, took the chair.

On Wednesday Mr. Thompson lectured at Clithero to a crowded assembly, the Mayor in the chair.

On Thursday evening a magnificent gathering assembled in the Public Hall, Rochdale. Thompson spoke with great eloquence for two hours, dwelling especially on India Reform, and he elicited the hearty enthusiasm of the auditory. Henry Kelsall, Esq., one of the most influential cotton spinners of the town, presided. After Mr. Thompson's speech, a vote of thanks to him "for his eloquent and instructive lecture," and an expression of deep sympathy with the principles which "he advocated," was proposed by Mr. Oliver Omerod, and seconded by John Bright, Esq., M. P. for Manchester. Mr. Bright made a short but happy speech, in which he dwelt particularly upon the cotton aspect of the Slavery question, and the importance of having a thorough reform in the government of India.

At most of the towns which Mr. Thompson has visited local societies are in process of formation, so that, altogether, may it not be said that we are having a revival? F. W. CHESSON.

—*Wesleyan.*

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

A LECTURE was given at the Friends' Meeting House, on Monday evening, by Mr. George Thompson, on the subject of American Slavery. The audience was not so numerous as might have been expected. Mr. Kirkham presided. The lecture began historically, by referring to the period when the thirteen American colonies declared their independence. He traced the rapid growth, prosperity, and future prospects of the United States. It was lamentable, he said, that in so fine a country, Slavery should exist in its most revolting form; that a free people, a republican and Christian community, should have three and a half millions of slaves in their midst, that, having everything to be grateful for, yet they should not be content with a territory all but limitless, and elements of wealth not exceeded by any other nation in the world; that America should have applied her wealth, her wisdom and energy, her political, social, and religious power to the enslavement of three and a half millions of God's helpless creatures! This was a great crime; and how did this baneful system come into the United States? While the Pilgrim Fathers were battling with the rude element of primitive nature, and with the hostile tribes of Indians about New Plymouth, their first settlement, other emigrants from England peopled Virginia, and obtained, first from the Dutch, and afterwards from their own countrymen slaves to till the soil. That slave trade continued till 1776, when an assembly of men, the sages of the country, met at Philadelphia, and declared that these truths were self-evident—that God had created all men free and equal—that he had endowed them alike with certain inalienable rights, and that among these were life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—and that wherever States, or governments, or individuals outraged those rights, resistence to their tyranny was obedience to nature and to God. Did Slavery cease when those self-evident truths were promulgated? No. That was the moment when the trump of jubilee should have been sounded, and those who had resisted a tea-tax, and stamps, and a tax upon painters' colours, because of their non-representation in the Imperial Parliament, should have given immediate and entire freedom to the people they held in a hopeless personal bondage, them and their posterity. But they did not do this. Many an American had taunted him (Mr. Thompson) by saying, "Why, your country is answerable for Slavery in America; that Slavery was planted in America by the mother country, and by laws which were sanctioned by the imperial government, it was sustained and perpetuated in America." He answered, that the Americans had fully taken upon themselves the responsibility of retaining Slavery in that country, and could not charge upon England any portion of the guilt of the existing system. The number of slaves at the time of the Declaration of Independence was about 300,000; in 1790, at the time of the first census, it was 695,000, having been very largely augmented by the slave trade with the western shores of Africa. At the present moment, the number of slaves in the United States was nearly three millions and a

privilege of incorporating with the number of free persons in each State, who formed the basis of its representation, three-fifths of all the slaves. Every ten years a census of all the population of the United States was taken; and, when it was made, after counting every free person in each of the Southern States, three-fifths of the slave population were added to the number of the population. This was not for the benefit of the slaves, but for the aggrandizement of their masters. The free population in all the sixteen slave States numbered 6,412,000; and the population of the sixteen free States was 13,434,000, giving the latter a majority of 7,022,000. The aggregate free population of the United States having a certain fixed number of representatives alloted to them in Congress, this would give one representative to every 85,000 people; and if the representation were on this basis, the free States would have a majority of 84 over the slave States, in the House of Representatives. But by the "three-fifths' clause" of the Constitution, there were added to the free population of the slave States 1,922,589 slaves, being three-fifths of 3,489,000, the total number of slaves in the Union; this gave an aggregate population to the slave States, for the basis of representation, of 8,334,740; and this addition, together with the population of the out-lying "territories," made the aggregate representative population of the United States to be 21,910,570, instead of 19,846,000, the free population of the 32 States. With this basis, the apportionment of representatives was, not one to 85,000 of the population, but one to 93,000. The slave States were the great gainers by this; for the effect was that 15 representatives were thus taken away from the free States, and 15 were given to the slave States; and, consequently, there was a difference of 30 on the floor of Congress, from what otherwise would have been the case if the representation had been arranged on a principle of equity. It was the opinion of John Quincy Adams, that every measure of vital importance to the United States had been determined by Congress in favour of the slave States, by a majority less than the number given to them by this "three-fifths clause." Another provision of the Constitution granted to the slave States the right of recovering their fugitive slaves, and making it obligatory, as the highest courts of the United States had decided, to give up the fugitive; so that the whole width of the continent, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine and Massachusetts to Oregon and California, was one great "chace;" the prey was man, the hunters were President Pierce and all the subordinate officials of the United States Government. This was all in accornance with the Constitution, which said, "Any person bound to service in any State, escaping into another, shall be recovered from the State into which he has fled, on application to the governor." Another provision of the Constitution was, that in the event of any insurrection among the slaves to assert the rights of manhood, the President of the United States should be required to put it down, and, if necessary, to call into requisition the whole physical force—naval, military, and militia—of the United States. Moreover, Congress was restricted by the Constitution from ever interfering with Slavery, except in the small district surrounding the capital. Still, the work of emancipation was partially done, because in the States of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, there was a spirit superior to that which dictated the Constitution; and they did, either by the bill of rights, which they promulgated immediately, or by the laws of the State afterwards made, emancipate their slaves, but the remaining States—the planting States—remained slave States to the present time. The lecturer then narrated the progress of the slaveholding interest towards the South, in the formation of the new States of Mississippi, Alabama, Kentucky, the purchase of Louisiana and Florida, and the conquest of Texas. He mentioned several facts which exemplified the ascendancy of the slaveholding power in the political affairs of the Union, from the time when the slaveholders were able to expunge from Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence a paragraph which he had inserted deprecating Slavery; he enumerated the successive Presidents, of whom all but two or three were slaveholders, and all of them were obliged to bow to the slaveholding party, and promise to be subservient to southern policy, before they could hope to enjoy the dignity and valuable patronage of the Presidential office. He showed how the compact position of the southern party, having only one object in view, the maintenance of their system, gave them the control over both Whigs and Democrats; and how their assiduous endeavours, by every means of blandishment and corruption, prevailed too commonly in seducing to their side the men to Congress from the northern States. Though although the number of slaveholders in the United States were actually not more than 300,000, perhaps much less, they were enabled to overrule the whole policy of the Union. The slaveholders were, in fact, the peerage, the aristocracy of the United States, taking rank according to the number of slaves possessed by each; some holding their thousands, and many their hundreds, and over whom they were omnipotent. They owned all the land in their own States; they owned all the knowledge, because there were not in the South those free schools which were the glory and blessing of New England, and the non-slaveholding whites in the southern States were miserable, ignorant vagabonds. The slaveholders were the lords of all. Their influence was in the ascendancy, not only in political affairs, but the religion and literature of the country. The general assemblies of the religious bodies of Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Baptists, were kept in subjection to the Slavery interest, because the southern members threatened to separate from them; and, until lately, no eminent publisher in the United States would venture to publish a book, or to reprint the work of any English traveller, which contained anything likely to be offensive to the pro-slavery party. The commercial relations between the slaveholding class and the mercantile people of New York and elsewhere tended also to strengthen the pro-slavery interest; and the young men, who continually went from the northern States to occupy different situations in the South, became infected with the system. But, although Slavery was apparently so strong, it was not unassailable; it was really weak, because it was essentially unrighteous. In the second lecture, on Thursday, he would give some account of the Anti-Slavery movement in America.

Mr. Thompson concluded amidst much cheering; and Mr. Archibald Prentice spoke a few minutes confirming his testimony, from his own personal observation, and thanking him for the information he had afforded.—*Manchester (Eng.) Exam., Dec. 14.*

PREJUDICE AGAINST COLOUR REBUKED.

The New York *Musical World and Times*, in an article upon the "Intolerance of coloured persons, in New York," thus alludes to the vulgar practice of excluding them from cars, omnibusses, and other public conveyances. The rebuke is well merited and well given, and we trust that, from such a source, it will not be without effect.

"Even mulattoes, who are so white, and every way so decent as hardly to be distinguished from white persons, are not admitted if they are observed. Coloured boys, at most, may ride on the top. On the other hand, the most filthy and unclean Irish labourer, covered with mud and mortar, and reeking with spirituous and bodily exhalations, can take his seat on velvet cushion by the side of silks and satins.

"A short time since a relative of ours, living in the country, sent to us a most decent, and tidy, and respectable mulatto woman, with one of the small children of the family; this faithful and favourite domestic being commissioned to make purchases in the city to a large amount for the coming winter, and also to attend at the sittings of the little child in the studio of a painter, who was taking the pretty dear's portrait. We live quite up-town: three miles from the City Hall and *Musical World* office. Every day H—— (a somewhat stout person), during the week that she remained with us, was obliged to *walk* the distance with the small child down to the region of shops and of "Stewart" (besides all the trudging to be done down town), and then walk back again, because, forsooth, she was a (very handsome withal) mulatto, and not admitted to car and omnibus! Occasionally, in the evening, when completely exhausted, doubling her veil she could succeed, by the help of the little white cherub face at the side of her, to gain admittance to a car or omnibus unchallenged. At other times, when she stood at the corner of a street and beckoned, the driver would pass her unheeded by, or the conductor would seem not to see her.

"Now, shame on such intolerant and outrageous prejudice and persecution of the coloured race at the North! Even the slaveholder would cry shame upon us, for he has more humanity about him in this respect than we. It is a great question, whether our Northern intolerance and practical disgracing of a fair skin, or the slaveholders subjection of the coloured man (but personal, kindly toleration of the same) is the greater injustice and wrong of the two. Were we in bondage, at all events, a kind master, who regarded us as one of the human family were preferable to civil freedom among people who regard us as quadrupeds, and our proximity as a disgrace to them—however tidy and cleanly we are, and respectable in appearance and circumstances—who continually force upon us the painful consciousness of our inferiority—who wound our pride and humiliate us, by treating us as inferior animals, rather than human beings.

"This exclusion of coloured persons from our public vehicles, is a thing that now almost as nearly concerns the comfort and convenience of white people as of coloured. And the more the tide of home residence flows upward, and away from the business and *errand* part of the city, the more important will it become. Public opinion ought forcibly to put down this disgraceful exclusiveness in public vehicles, and compel omnibus and car companies to have it understood, that every decently-dressed person, irrespective of colour, shall have admittance to their vehicles. At the very worst, many of our omnibusses cannot be nearer first-cousins to the pig-stye than they are, from tobacco juice, rotten hay, and indiscriminate filth generally."

PROGRESS AND LIBERTY.

The commonest thing in the world is to find cause mistaken for effect and effect for cause. We are constantly reminded of this when the Southern journals seek to account for their sectional shortcomings. In evidence of this assertion, take the following from the *Eagle and Enquirer* of Memphis, Tennessee:

"We attempted briefly to show, the other day, how the North had grown rich and powerful in a greater degree than the South, because she had adopted the system of *locating the profits of her* Labour, in the shape of railroads, and canals, while the South had neglected to do so. We wish we could induce every one of our readers to *think* of the matter in this light—to examine and see how it has worked, is working, and will continue to operate, unless we infuse more vigorous earnestness into our endeavours to make up the time we have lost. The two sections present the same results that two individuals would exhibit, one of whom had kept his annual earnings out at *compound interest*, while the other had spent his yearly revenue for mere living, or in the purchase of decorations for his homestead which yielded nothing and increased his expenses. The one would become immensely rich—the other would be fortunate if he 'held his own.'"

Supposing the South has really the profits of which the Tennessee print speaks, how is it to invest them in railroads unless there be the local industry and activity to sustain those railroads? And by what must that local industry be represented?. Why, in the persons of freemen, having the right to travel by railroad, and not requiring a slave-pass; having, too, an individual interest in the work they do, and that work, besides, varied according to all the requirements of civilization. Now, these things are wanting in the South and must be wanting so long as Slavery exists. Manufacturing is the result of freedom; the development of freedom in every country being in the direct ratio of the liberation of the serfs of the soil, and their becoming either proprietors, artisans, or artists. But so long as the South has Slavery, she will have an ignorant population—be subjected to the most expensive kind of labour—be liable to internecine wars, and find herself guilty of daily paradoxes in endeavouring to confound cause and effect in accounting for her deficiencies.

But hear our philosopher as he indicates a cure for the evil he deplores:

"What, then, we may be asked, is the remedy for this humiliating state of things? Must we sink down into a mere appendage of this overgrown and still increasing Northern Wealth? We answer—The remedy, our *only salvation*, from this state of positive dependence, is to *change the management and disposition of* Southern Labour. Take one-third of the hands that are now engaged in raising cotton, sugar, &c., &c., and set them to building railroads and other kindred works of Internal Improvement, and *keep* them at it, until our southern land is reticulated with these artificial means of intercommunication, as the North is. Diversify our labour, and put its surplus profits out at *compound interest*, as the North has been doing. Follow her example, in short. There are hundreds of railroads needed in the South, which it will take years and years to build the way we are going on, which *could* be put into operation within the next five years, if we would only *use the labour* we have at command in the best way to promote prosperity."

But how is the labour to be diversified with slaves? Make the slave intelligent through the education necessary for a good workman, and he would no longer remain a slave. Thus do Southern writers argue; they see the inferiority of the South; they perceive how tributary she is to other parts of the Union and of the World, and they declaim on railroads and manufactures as if those things could be extemporized, and were not the growth of freedom. The South has not only comparatively little in the arts of civilization, but what she borrows. She has no superior industry or art. What she enjoys she does not originate. She buys the iron; she imports her engineers; she gets Fulton to invent her steamboats and Whitney her cotton-gin. But she is prolific of "great men," of course. "Great men" flourish in a country in proportion to its destitute condition. Hence the South gives us a periodical crop of Union-Saviours, and Senators who can talk dramatically for the benefit of the galleries and home-consumption. But her influence is waning. She cannot compete with the North. Her "ripe scholars" of the old stamp would be a laughing-stock to Young America. Her immense genius is found to run in one channel—politics—and that neither pure nor profound. In a word, she is in the rear in civilization and sadly wanting in logic. We advise the *Eagle* to study cause and effect for a single year, and he will not repeat his above-quoted maxims.—*Tribune.*

SLAVE MARRIAGES AND BURIALS.

Slave Marriages: I have a few notes on this subject, made in Georgia, but your pleasant correspondent, "*Nein*," has taken the wind out of my sails by her happy description of a wedding in high negro life, and, with a few appropriate anecdotes, has given you a better understanding of the nature of the relation that is formed between husband and wife, under the institution of Slavery, than I should have been able to. I will, therefore, only add another instance in point to her remarks, with a few observations on the weddings of plantation slaves, and finish this letter on the opposite tack, of *negro funerals*. A slave, who was hired (not owned) by a friend of mine in Savannah, called upon him one morning while I was there, to say that he wished to marry a woman in the evening, and wanted a ticket from him to authorize the ceremony. "I thought you were married," said my friend.

"Yes, master, but that woman hab leave me and go 'long wid 'nodder man."

"Indeed! Why, you had several children by her, did you not?"

"Yes, master, we hab *thirteen*, but now she gone 'long wid 'nodder man."

"But will your church permit you to marry another woman so soon?"

Yes, master, I tell 'em the woman I had leave me and go 'long wid 'nodder man, and she say she don't mean to come back, and I can't be 'spected to lib widout any woman at all, so dey say dey grant me de divorce."

On the plantations the ceremony of marriage varies very much; sometimes there is none at all, the parties merely asking leave of their master, and as soon as a cabin is provided for them, going to live together; sometimes it is performed by their master, generally by the negro preacher, often by a white clergyman.

I was standing, with my friend, Mr. A., looking at a gang of negroes engaged in listing a cotton-field, when he said to a girl who was vigorously plying the hoe near us, "Is that Lucy? Ah, Lucy, what's this I hear about you?" The girl simpered, but did not answer or discontinue her work. "What is this I hear about you and Sam, eh? The girl grinned, and whispered, "Yes, sir."

"Sam came to see me this morning."

"If master pleases."

"Very well, you may come up to the house Saturday night, and your mistress will have something for you."

There was no law on this plantation that the negroes should not marry off the place, but intercourse with other plantations was discouraged, and they seldom did so.

When a man and woman wished to live with each other, they were required to *ask leave* of their master, and unless there was some very obvious objection this was always granted, and a cabin was allotted to them, and presents were made of dresses and housekeeping articles. A marriage ceremony, in the same form as that used by free people, was conducted by the negro preacher, and they were encouraged to make the occasion memorable and gratifying to all by general festivity. The master and mistress, when on the plantation, always honoured the parties by their attendance, and if they were favourite servants, the wedding was held in the house, and the ceremony performed by a white minister.—*Cor. Times.*

PIETY EXTRAORDINARY.

We find this week, among our exchanges, the *Weekly Message*, published at Greensborough, North Carolina, by "Frances M. Bumpass, proprietress." To us, who are but a very indifferent kind of Christian, its piety is most refreshing; and, as we have sadly neglected the spiritual welfare of our readers, we conclude, as some atonement, to give them the benefit of a few extracts.

In the first column the *editress* says:

"The Weekly Message.

"We rejoice to say, that the third volume of this paper has commenced with bright prospects. Upwards of six hundred subscribers, we think, have been added to our list this year, 'and still they come.'

"Thankful for the favours of the past, we are looking to Him who 'has all hearts in his hands,' and who says, 'according to your faith so be it unto you,' for its increasing prosperity. He raised it up for his glory, has carried it on for his glory, and will doubtless continue it for the same. Let us and all its friends, by diligence and unwavering faith, call down greater blessings on this little instrument for good. For without the blessings of our Father, 'we nothing good can do,' but, feeble as we are, 'we can do all things through Christ strengthening us.'"

In the second one she adds,

"Pray for us.

"Brothers and Sisters: Feeling our helplessness, and knowing that without divine assistance, all efforts are vain, and that 'our kind Father is able and willing to do exceedingly abundantly above all we can ask or think,' we sincerely desire an interest in your prayers, that we may be enabled to conduct this paper just according to his will, and that his rich blessing may accompany it wherever it goes, and make it an instrument of great good, and bless the truths which it contains, to the salvation of many thousands of souls. Let us ask much, knowing that our Father delights in pouring out great blessings, and is only hindered from doing many mighty works in our midst by our unbelief, and continually says to us: 'According to your faith.'"

The third page is taken up with a communication headed: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Another: "The Lord doeth all things well," and an exorcism on Popery.

And on the next page is the following advertisement:

Notice—Five Cents Reward.

Left my Office, Thursday morning last, Stephen Osburn, an apprentice boy. I hereby forewarn all persons from harbouring or trading with him, under the penalty of the law.

The above reward, and no thanks, will be given for his delivery to me. Frances Bumpass.

Greensboro', N. C., Dec. 6, 1853.

$100 Reward.

Ran away from the subscriber, in Dec. last, a Negro boy, named Elias. Belonging to ABNER COLTRAIN, of Randolph County, N. C.

This boy is a bright Mulatto, a little under 6 feet high, a round full face; has some freckles on his face; well featured; one of his thumbs disfigured; his feet are not flat, like most negroes. He may be lurking somewhere in this county, or he may have run clear off.

Any person who will take the said boy up, and safely place him in Jail, so I get him, or bring the said boy to me, or to the Printer of the Message in Greensboro, N. C., the above Reward will be given. Abner Coltrain.

Randolph Co., N. C., July 15, 1853.

It must be very nice to have the subscription business of a paper attended to in heaven. If the cash accounts are kept there, we should like to see what kind of an entry the recording angel will make of the one hundred dollars received for catching a runaway 'nigger,' and the five cents paid out by the lady editor for the delivery to her of the white runaway.

Some time ago, as an offset against southern Slavery, Mrs. Prewett, of the *Yazoo Whig*, reminded us of a similar reward of five cents offered by a northern paper for an apprentice, and her sympathy was very much moved for the boy thus publicly proscribed; but by this it appears that southern oppression is not limited to dark skins. A pious southern lady editor not only catches black slaves, but white ones, and asks the prayers of the saints for "divine assistance in carrying on the operation."

Wonder whether a pack of bloodhounds or a batch of prayers would avail most in earning that hundred dollars, and how much grace it requires to catch a "nigger," or to muster five cents to consign a little Stephen Osburn to the demoralizing influences of a degraded and outlawed youth.—*Pittsburgh Visiter.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Treasurer, at Boston; or to Sydney Howard Gay, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1854.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

Charles Lenox Remond delivered, on Tuesday evening, the Fourth Lecture in the Course of the New York Anti-Slavery Society. His subject was, *The Disfranchised American*, and he handled it in a manner creditable alike to himself and to the class whose rights it was his object to defend. He presented an array of facts, which, however familiar to some, were unquestionably new to a large portion of his audience, proving that the coloured people took a prominent as well as a courageous and honourable part in the wars with the mother country. The first American blood shed in the Revolution was that of a coloured man in the city of Boston. Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, and even the Southern States, gladly accepted the aid of black men in those dark and perilous days, when the conflict with oppression, except to the eye of faith, seemed likely to end in disaster and defeat. The white people had lands, houses, homes and liberty to fight for; before them opened a bright and glorious future to reward them for their toils and sacrifices. But the coloured man fought with the chain of prejudice and caste upon his limbs, with only a dim hope that Freedom *might* perchance bring some relief for his sorrows—some small boon to reward his magnanimity. Among all the coloured men in the land, he had never heard that there was a single tory. To the full extent of their ability and their means they contributed to achieve the liberty which is now the white man's boast. His own grandfather fought on Bunker Hill, and brave men of sable hue took part in almost every battle of the Revolution; and their descendants had inherited therefor the white man's scorn and hate.

But we have not room for a sketch of the lecture, and will only add that it afforded high satisfaction to an intelligent audience, and did something, we hope, to excite in their breasts a righteous abhorrence of the spirit of caste, and to enkindle the all-embracing sentiment of Christian fraternity, by which alone that foul spirit can be cast out.

The next lecture will be delivered by John Jay, Esq., of this city. His subject will be, "The First Abolition Society of New York, founded by the Framers of the Federal Constitution and supported by the Pillars of the Church."

NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO—MORE ANNEXATION.

The Washington correspondent of the "Satanic Press"—the appropriate organ of the Slave Power—states, "upon ample authority," that a new treaty with Mexico has been negotiated by Mr. Gadsden, the American Minister, and will probably soon be communicated to the Senate. The principal features of the said treaty are thus described:

The first article provides that Mexico shall give to the United States such a boundary as will enable us to protect Mexico from the incursions of the frontier Indians.

The second article provides for a right of way for a railroad to the Pacific, "as a means"—to quote the language of the treaty—"of forming a commercial barrier against the attacks of the Indians."

The third article provides for an abrogation of the eleventh section of the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo, which guarantees the defence of the frontier in consideration of money given, which is to be in full of all past depredations.

The fourth article provides for the specific enforcement of the Tehuantepec right of way.

The fifth contains an alternative proposition to the second article, to the effect that Mexico shall cede to the United States a boundary which will include the route known in Lieutenant Parke's map as "Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke's wagon route," extending nearly to the thirty-first parallel, and going due west, so as to give us a large accession of territory, and taking in the whole of the peninsula of Lower California, including Sonora, upon the payment by the United States to Mexico of fifty millions of dollars.

The correspondent aforesaid comments thereupon as follows:

Although the treaty is one of vast importance to both countries, and highly beneficial to the United States, the President, it is said, is fearful of submitting it to the Senate, because of the fifty million clause. What will become of the nerves of our economists when they discover the existence of a plan by which not only all the "surplus revenue" will be swallowed up, but a debt also contracted?

Without pretending to pass at this time upon the particular merits of the treaty in question, we must say we regard the fifty millions, under the circumstances, as a mere bagatelle. The South would get a couple of States—one immediately, and one in prospective—by it. The Abolitionists and Free Soilers would have an opportunity of demonstating how thoroughly satisfied they are with the settlement of 1850, and the Baltimore platform of 1852. We would cancel the debt which we now unquestionably owe Mexico under the treaty of Gaudalupe Hidalgo, and we would secure a good Southern route to the Pacific.

We regard the treaty as the most important State paper which has transpired since the treaty of peace. You may depend upon the accuracy of the information.

If this information should, as we doubt not it will, prove to be correct, then there is nothing to prevent the opening of the whole Slavery question in Congress; with what consequences, immediate and remote, time only can tell. The friends of freedom should be prepared for the impending crisis.

THE ORGANIZATION OF NEBRASKA.

Senator Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, reported, on Wednesday, a bill providing a Territorial Government for Nebraska. At the present writing we know nothing of the details of the measure. A correspondent of the *Herald* writes from Washington as follows:

The South are determined in the establishment of the territory of Nebraska, no matter what may be its limits, to introduce a resolution affirming the right of the people of the territory to establish or prohibit Slavery as they themselves may deem proper. The North, in the admission of California, practically repudiated the idea of the Missouri compromise line and the South therefore care nothing in the future for that now obsolete line. They intend to test the broad doctrine of the right of territories to do as they please with reference to the "municipal regulations of Slavery."

This will bring up the issue to practical shape; and although the Cabinet are straining every nerve, to avoid it, the South, even to the President's warmest friends, feel that too much is at stake to allow any other considerations whatever to interfere and prevent a distinct and definite understanding being had now, and at this present session, of the proper meaning of the Free Soil phrase, "Acquiescence in the Compromise principles." This will resolve the factionists back to their original elements, and prove to the President how wofully Marcy has deceived him into the adoption of the spoils policy, instead of standing wholly upon the broad platform of principle.

What we have written derives additional importance from the fact that it comes from gentlemen who are the personal friends of the President, and upon whom the administration count most confidently for support.

It is due to the President, as well as the country, that he should know of the volcano which is about to burst; and if he continues to believe his sychophants, in preference to those who ask no favours at his hands, but simply tell him truths, no matter how unpalatable, a few weeks will open his eyes. The establishment of a territorial governmentover Nebraska will be the signal. Let him prepare himself for the shock.

The character of Mr. Douglas's bill is probably foreshadowed in the following dispatch to the same paper:

The Committe on Territories of the Senate will, it is believed, shortly, make a most important report upon the subject of the establishment of a territorial government over Nebraska. The report will reaffirm the compromise measures, including the Fugitive Slave law, and so associate the Nebraska territorial organization as to bring up the compromise question on practical and substantive propositions, requiring a distinct vote now either for or against the principles of that adjustment. This will compel honourable gentlemen to show their hands, and let the country know what they understand by the administration phrase—"acquiescence in the compromise measures." This report will commence the real business of the session.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature of New York assembled at Albany on Tuesday. The Whigs, having a large majority in both Houses, had everything their own way in the organization. H. J. Hastings was elected Clerk of the Senate. In the House, R. H. Pruyn was elected Speaker, and R. U. Sherman Clerk. The subordinate officers in both Houses are also Whig. The friends of Seward are said to greatly outnumber the Silver Grays.

The Message of Gov. Seymour (Dem.) was sent in on Tuesday. As all our readers who will care anything about it will see it in the political journals, we shall neither publish it nor offer an abstract of its contents We shall not even copy the passages in which the Governor refers to the Slavery question, since he only repeats, in wishy-washy terms, the old generalities about the right of each State to manage its own domestic affairs, the duty of compliance with Constitutional obligations, &c., &c. This nonsense is so far out of date that we cannot afford to waste our precious space in re-producing it.

The proceedings of the Legislature, so far as they may affect the Anti-Slavery Cause, will receive due attention.

Quaker Anti Slavery Mission.—We heard, a few weeks since, that a delegation from the London Yearly Meeting of Friends had come over to this country, charged with the duty of holding personal interviews with the Governors of the several States, and perhaps, also, with other officials, and endeavoring by conversations and the distribution of suitable documents, to enlist their influence in behalf of measures designed to bring about the abolition of Slavery. Having seen, however, no official announcement either of their presence or their plans, the matter had passed from our recollection, when it was again brought to mind by the letter of Governor Price, of Missouri, to Josiah Forster, which, with the comments thereon of the Detroit *Free Press*, will be found under their appropriate head, on the first page. The latter affords satisfactory evidence that such a deputation has actually been sent over by the British Friends, and that they are engaged in the discharge of the duties assigned them. The privacy of their movements is in accordance with the general policy of the sect, and is constrained in this instance, doubtless, by an apprehension that publicity might defeat the object. Our belief is that the English Quakers might have adopted a more efficient plan of Anti-Slavery labor, but we are thankful that it was in their hearts to do *anything* to help the cause. The men who have undertaken this mission of goodwill to the American Governors will find that no amount of prudence, caution, or gentleness, that is compatible with an earnest purpose, will avail to shield them from the condemnation and the reproach of the slaveholders and their sympathizers. The letter of the Governor of Missouri to Mr. Forster, and the comments of the organ of Gen. Cass, are an index of the feelings which their philanthropic intervention is calculated to excite. But they will do good, and, we hope, go home wiser than they came, and prepared to suggest to their supporters better plans for aiding the Anti-Slavery cause in the United States.

Gerrit Smith's Speech, as revised by himself, will be found on the first page. It needs neither eulogy nor comment at out hands. Those who read it will not wonder at the impression it made upon the House, as revealed in the debate that followed, and which we published last week.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *Register* says:

The speech of Gerrit Smith was one of those sudden corruscations, that seemed for a moment to emanate from Light itself, and met with that deep, silent, attentive reception and assent, which the hearts of auditors always give, when untrammelled by the mean and base that degrade men, when they maintain the positions little below angels.

I assure you, sir, it had an electric effect, and many a Northern dough-face looked as if about shrinking into nothingness. You will have seen ere this that the response made by Mr. Preston was not such as have usually followed speeches from Anti-Slavery speakers but such as became a gentleman and equal. This of itself gives evidence of auspicious days in store, when any and every subject, however venerable by time, or sacred to early prejudice, can and will be subjected to the test of truth. This is the higher law, which Heaven in its goodness, I trust, will send us, and may its advent not be prolonged.

Landing of Slaves in Cuba.—Notwithstanding that Spain has solemnly bound herself by treaty to suppress the foreign Slave trade, her officials in Cuba are constantly bribed to permit whole cargoes of slaves to be landed on the island. Recently, it was proved that the Lieut Governor of Nueva Filipina had received a bribe of $6,000 for allowing certain negroes to be landed. The trial was quashed, as it would have been too great a disgrace to an officer of the Crown to have allowed the law to have taken its due course. This is but a specimen of what is constantly occurring in different parts of the island.

The following is a decree in relation to the suppression of the Slave trade, from the Captain-General to the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the island:

"As in the transfer of command from one authority to another, those engaged in the African Slave-trade will take advantage of this circumstance of doubt and perplexity which exists among the inferior authorities as to whether the new supreme authority will adopt measures more or less rigorous than others with regard to the suppression of this traffic, it is my duty to inform you that I shall observe the laws in relation thereto, and shall exercise them upon any person who may engage in this prohibited trade. I shall continue them in force, and charge their observance upon you; as also all other instructions that my worthy predecessors have enjoined—the treaties of Spain of the 23d of September, 1817, and 28th of June, 1835, relating to the Slave traffic, and the observance both in the spirit and the letter of the penal law of the 4th of March, 1845. But as the total extinction of a traffic is difficult along these vast coasts, that is supported by the strength and vigour of interested parties, and as we have seen the inefficacy of the employés of our faithful and powerful ally, in its numerous cruisers, and of our own, and, as recent returns have shown a great mortality among the Slaves, it seems to us indispensable that some substitute should be introduced. I, therefore, authorize the introduction of free laborers, Asiatics, and Spaniards, since it is the will of the government, that, without exception, but, at the same time, without any privilege, all the undertakings and contracts that are under the guardianship of the government, should be favoured."

The Richmond *Enquirer* takes serious exception to the reply of Mr. Preston, of Kentucky, to the speech of Gerrit Smith. That reply, it declares, "will be read with amazement by the people of the South." Why? Simply, it would seem, because Mr. Preston recognized and treated Mr. Smith as a gentleman! These are the *Enquirer's* words.

He [Mr. Preston] not only gave consequence to Smith's opinions by combating them—he not only saluted his reviler and contemner, and the reviler and contemner of his country, with the courtesy due only to the knight without reproach—but he even bore gratuitous testimony to Smith's character, and paid voluntary tribute to the genius which he had displayed in denouncing everything which a Southern man must prize and respect. The South will not thank Mr. Preston for this speech. He has compromised the dignity of the South, by dragging it into a conflict on the floor of Congress, and in the eyes of the world, with a raving fanatic from the the hotbed of Abolitionism, and by consenting to an interchange of argument and courtesy with the foul calumniator of the Southern character. He has surrendered the high vantage ground which the South heretofore held, and has recognised the claim of Smith and Giddings to the notice of Southern gentlemen."

The *Enquirer* will come ere long to understand that a certificate from the decayed chivalry of Virginia is not necessary to establish any man's reputation as a gentleman—least of all that of such men as Gerrit Smith and Joshua R. Giddings.

The Truth in a Nutshell.—The Richmond *Examiner* having insisted that the 'Hards' of New York are more trust-worthy as friends of the South than the 'Softs,' the Petersburgh *Republican*, another Democratic paper, expresses its opinion of the matter in the following unequivocal terms:

We think the idea that the New York Hards, are one whit more sound upon the Slavery question, than the mass of their opponents a very grievous error. We think that New York Hards and New York Softs—New York Silver Greys and Sewardites—and New York politicians as a mass, want but two things, and these two they do want most lamentably—that is, office and principles. We see no upholding of principle or sacrifice of it in giving official station to either of the wings. The attempt to represent the Hards as the peculiar friends of the South is, to us, as laughable as the dignity of a mad boy in Nottoway, who being threatened with chastisement for his impudence, haughtily replied "You had better not strike me. *I am the United States Government.*" We therefore think the *Examiner* grossly wrong in the idea that Southern rights have, or had, any connection with that squabble. It is giving to a struggle, purely selfish in its motives and ends, the dignity of a contest for principle.

This is a little too sweeping in its application to the 'Sewardites,' but, with that exception, true as gospel. When will the political slaves of the North learn that their Southern masters are as familiar with their motives as ever a jockey was with the 'points' of a horse!

Dr. Dewey.—The course of this popular divine, in relation to the Fugitive Slave Bill, and particularly his declaration that he would send his mother into Slavery, if necessary to save the Union, excited the disgust of the friends of humanity, and grieved many of those who had long been associated with him in religious affairs. Though nothing can justify his conduct in this particular, we are glad to put on record anything that is worthy to be set down to his credit. We therefore copy the following paragraph from a Washington letter to the *Tribune*:

I will take this occasion to do an act of simple justice to Dr. Dewey. When he came to Washington, about two years ago, he was regarded by all Anti-Slavery men as a traitor to the cause of freedom, in consequence of his sermon in support of the Fugitive Slave Law, and there was little reason to hope better things of him here on slave soil. But I am happy to say that one of his sermons took the broadest higher law ground, and that he never receded from it. He often alluded to the subject of Slavery indirectly, and never failed to assert and maintain its incompatibility with Christianity. Mr. Allen, now of Augusta, Maine, when here in charge of the Unitarian church, rarely preached a sermon in which he omitted a reference to Slavery—generally on Dr. Dewey's plan of subsoiling—that is to say, by laying down a platform of principles entirely inconsistent with Slavery.

New Work on the Spirits.—E. W. Capron, formerly editor of the Providence *Daily Mirror*, has nearly ready for the press a "History of Modern Spiritual Manifestations from their first commencement at Hydesville, N. Y., to the present time." It will contain the most minute accounts of the first manifestations in the Fox family; a full and only accurate account of the mysteries of Stratford, at the house of Rev. Dr. Phelps, from the Doctor's own records, and an authentic history of the Mountain Cove community, a movement which has never been published, together with other events in the progress of the manifestation in its different places; also a compilation of the different theories by opponents and answers to them. It will be a history, and not a defence of spiritualism, giving specimens of the ridiculous manifestations and exhibitions of fanaticism on the part of spiritualists, as well as the more rational manifestations which entitle the phenomena to public investigation.

Mr. C. was in the midst of the first excitement on this subject in Western New York, was acquainted with many of the early actors, and has been an attentive observer from that time to the present.

Light at the South.—Governor Johnson, of Tennessee, in his recent message to the Legislature, comes out nobly in favor of education, as a means for the elevation of labour and the perpetuity of free institutions, and also in favour of giving a homestead of 160 acres of the public lands, upon condition of settlement and cultivation. But, what is more remarkable still, he recommends an amendment of the Constitution of the United States, so that the People may elect the President by direct vote. We suppose that he means that every vote, whether at the North or the South, should count *one*, which would completely upset the three-fifths Slave basis, so far as concerns the election of President, and reduce the Slaveholders to a hopeless minority. That such a proposition should come from a Slaveholding State, is a cheering sign of the times.

Death of John B. Vashon.—We see with pain the announcement of the death of John B. Vashon, a coloured man of great intelligence and influence, long a resident of Pittsburgh. On the 29th ult., having gone to the railroad station upon business, he was suddenly attacked with apoplexy, of which he died before reaching his dwelling.

Captain Drayton, the hero of the Pearl, we are deeply pained to learn, has become so feeble in health that there is little ground for hope that he can ever be any better. His constitution was wholly broken down by his long imprisonment in Washington, and since his liberation his remaining strength has been slowly wasting away. Some time since, he went to Massachusetts, hoping to be able to spend some time in travelling and selling his recently published Narrative; but he has been compelled to relinquish this labour, and some of his friends, solicitous that he shall have every comfort so long as he may need it, have proposed to raise five hundred dollars for his benefit. As this will probably be the last opportunity that will ever be afforded us of administering to his wants, we hope that our readers will feel it an imperative as well as a grateful duty to do something for one so deserving of their admiration and sympathy. Contributions may be sent to Mr. Francis Jackson, of Boston.

Agitation in Ohio.—It gives us pleasure to observe that the Free Democracy of Ohio, through their State Central Committee, are making arrangements for a vigorous agitation of the Slavery question in that State during the coming year. They propose to circulate petitions to Congress and the Legislature as widely as possible, to organize political associations in every County and town, to extend the circulation of their newspapers, to circulate standard Anti-Slavery books by means of libraries and otherwise, to publish tracts, and to send out lecturing agents. The *political harness* is, in our judgment, a serious impediment to efficiency in the work of diffusing Anti-Slavery light among the people, but we are heartily glad to see this evidence of vitality among the political Anti-Slavery men of Ohio, and hope their efforts may be crowned with success.

A Pertinent Question.—Not long since the Synod of New York and New Jersey, by a solemn resolution, turned over into the hands of Providence the work of abolishing slavery! A correspondent of the Hartford *Religious Herald* thereupon desires to be informed whether *the project of transporting the free blacks of this country to Africa* was included in that transfer of the negro question to Divine Providence; and he asks: "Would not Divine Providence be quite as competent to take care of the Colonization Society as of the Anti-Slavery cause, without human interference?" And *we* should like to know if Divine Providence is not equally competent to convert the heathen without the aid of the Presbyterian Church?

Cheap Ocean Postage.—Elihu Burritt, having returned from Europe, is now organizing a movement to secure the transmission of letters across the ocean, either way, for one penny. A large meeting in behalf of the object was lately held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, under the auspices of several leading citizens; and we learn that Mr. Burritt is coming to get up similar meetings in this city and Philadelphia. The object is a noble one, and should command the aid of every well-wisher to the best interests of society.

Judge Grier's Decision that the publication of a German edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was no infringement of the law of copyright is viewed by many, and we think justly, as contrary to equity and common sense. His bitterness of feeling against the Abolitionists utterly disqualifies him for giving an unprejudiced opinion upon any matter in which any of their members are known to be concerned.

The National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, in Boston, closed on Saturday last. We have no more definite information of its results than that which will be found in the letter of our Boston correspondent, which, it will be seen, is highly satisfactory.

British Periodical Literature.—We call attention, as has been our yearly custom for several years past, to the advertisement, in another column, of Leonard Scott & Co.'s republications of British Periodicals—the four great Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine. Our own estimation of these works is familiar enough to our readers from our repeated notices of them individually, from time to time, as well as the general notice which we have given on former occasions. And though we have good reason for supposing that such recommendations

The Creole, it will be remembered, was engaged in the coastwise slave trade; and being driven by stress of weather into a British port, her human cargo was set free by the operation of British law. We hope John Bull may never consent to pay the piratical claim. What a spectacle our Republican country presents in urging such a claim upon a monarchy!

—— Theodore Parker, in his discourses on crime, to which we alluded last week, showed (according to a correspondent of the Hartford *Religious Herald*), from the records of the criminal courts, which he had examined with great care, and from many facts collected from private sources, that there was a decrease of crime in Boston, notwithstanding the influx of foreigners, and the prevalence of intemperance. His conclusion was by no means a hasty snatch from slender premises, but was founded upon a very wide induction of facts. If he is correct, one prolific theme of croakers is taken away.

—— George P. Davis, writing from Kennett Square, to the West Chester *Examiner*, and giving an account of the address of Antoinette L. Brown, delivered in the meeting of Progressive Friends, says: "She takes very liberal views of Christian duties and thinks all societies ought to work together for the promulgation of Christianity, and not war so much one against the other. She says that every one that labours in the great cause should be welcomed to the pulpit. If the slaveholder wishes to speak, let him speak—hear him out. By so doing you do not endorse his Slavery views. This a direct strike at the Garrison doctrine of 'no union, no fellowship with slaveholders.'" So far from being a "strike" at "Garrisonian doctrine," it *is* that doctrine itself, as expounded and practised by the 'Garrisonians' for twenty years. There is a difference, however, between listening patiently to all that a slaveholder may say in defence of Slavery, and afterwards forming a "union" with him for the purpose of upholding the institution and kidnapping those who run away from it. Mr. Davis should endeavour to understand 'Garrisonian' doctrines, and then he will not think them *struck at* when they are only explained and enforced.

—— The Philadelphia *Register* tells the following anecdote of Col. Benton.

Old Bullion, on one of his journies to or from Washington, whilst in the Senate, arrived at Cincinnati, with a very good looking servant to attend on him. While there two or three days, his servant left him and lay concealed somewhere in the city, intending, when the noise about his leaving the Senator was somewhat over, to go to Canada. Mr. Benton was, at that time, so great a favourite of the Democratic party that several of his political parasites promised to have the servant brought back to him and put into his hands if he desired it. But he replied to these flatterers in language they had seldom heard—"No, gentlemen," said he, "I brought him here, fully knowing that he was entitled to his liberty, should he claim it. But I thought he would prefer remaining with me to going out free by himself. I have been mistaken. And how could I, a Senator of the United States, knowing his rights under the Constitution, and sworn to support it, reduce this man—now a free man, made so under this very Constitution—reduce him again to Slavery. No, sirs, rather now than throw any impediment in the way of his wishes, I would prefer forwarding them." This account, if true, and we see no cause to discredit it in the smallest degree, does honour to Mr. Benton.

—— History proves that the decay of genuine piety in the Church is always marked by an intense zeal for religious forms and ceremonies. Whenever a Church is found conniving at iniquity upon a large scale, you may be sure that it will magnify more than ever its shibboleths and external arrangements. An example is before us in an extract from the *Churchman* of this city, the organ of the High Church Episcopalians. The most popular ministers and members of that Church are unblushing advocates or apologists of Slavery, and not a few of them slaveholders. Very little has ever been done, and, of that little, *nothing* by the *Churchman*, to purify the sect of that foul stain. But witness its zeal for Church ceremonies as displayed in the following directions for performing family prayer on a grand scale by the nabobs who love a "lower law" religion:

"It is generally the custom for the family to meet in the breakfast room or parlour, for prayers; but *all must see and feel the impropriety of such a practice.* A room should be set apart, the furniture of which should, as much as possible, disassociate it from the apartments used for the other purposes of the family. It should stand east and west, and had better have no room over it, but there being no altar, this is not essentially necessary. It should be long in proportion to its width, and the door being in the west end, a small portion might be screened off for an *ante-chapel*. Along the side-walls, and returned against the screen, a bench, which may be divided into seats by arms, should be placed, and in front a low narrow desk. This desk had better not be more than thirty-two inches high, and may be formed merely by two upright ends, with an inclined board, say five inches broad, between them, supported by another narrow board placed edgewise. The standards might be ornamented by *poppy heads*. The windows may be filled with stained glass, especially the east windows, which, of course, if possible, should be more dignified than the others. If there is no east window, a *cross* should be placed against the wall, or a picture; and the walls all around might be adorned with pictures or prints, care being taken that they be of a devotional character. The seats should stop a few feet short of the east end of the room; and so the whole will recall the general features of a church. If more seats are needed, a second row may be placed in front of the first, also provided with desks; these might be smaller, and appropriated to the children's use. A hanging of *rich* stuff stretched upon the walls will be a great improvement. Sconces for candles will be found most convenient for lighting."

LECTURES AND LECTURERS.

Giles B. Stebbins is at present engaged in lecturing for the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society. He is a faithful labourer in the cause.

——Wm. Lloyd Garrison lectured in Providence on Wednesday evening. Subject, Individual Responsibility.

——Ralph Waldo Emerson is at present in Philadelphia, where he is engaged to deliver a course of six lectures on Topics of Modern Times.

——Ernestine L. Rose gave several lectures recently in Providence, where she had large audiences and was highly commended by the press. As a speaker, few persons of either sex are more popular.

——The Anti-Slavery Society of Mercer, Pa., have arranged to have a course of Lectures on the subject of Slavery, to be given on the last Monday of each month.

——Mrs. Mary A. W. Johnson is engaged in giving a course of Anatomical and Physiological Lectures to Ladies, in the Lecture Room of the Plymouth (Rev. H. W. Beecher's) Church in Brooklyn.

——Ernestine L. Rose will speak at the Tabernacle on Monday evening next, upon the Rights, Education, Position and Legal Disabilities of Woman. Few persons can treat the subject either more thoroughly or attractively. We trust she may have a full house.

——Theodore Parker gave a lecture, recently, at Paterson, N. J., on "The True and False Idea of a Gentleman." Some of the people of the place were a good deal annoyed and somewhat frightened when they found that their Progressive neighbours were determined to see and hear the dreadful "heretic," but their scowls did not avail to keep him away.

——Emma R. Coe, of Buffalo, has given, within the last few days, two lectures in this city on the question of Woman's Rights. Owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather, her audiences were not as large as could have been wished, but the lectures were admirable—among the very best, indeed, in respect both to matter and manner, that we have ever heard.

——Rev. Antoinette L. Brown attended the religious meeting of Progressive Friends, near Kennett Square, Pa., and spoke therein to general acceptance on Sunday, Dec. 18th. On the evening of the following day she delivered a lecture on "The Old and New," at Hamorton Hall, in the same neighbourhood. Since that, we see that she has lectured at Roundout, in this State, on Woman's Rights, and also at Kingston.

——Miss M. A. Dwight, of Boston, long a successful teacher of Drawing, read a lecture lately on Art to a circle of ladies at the U. S Hotel in that city. The lecture was introductory to a series of practical lessons on the principles of Art—on colour, form, design, composition, &c. A writer in the *Una* says: "Miss Dwight is one of those women who are doing much for the advancement of her sex, by quietly and faithfully preparing herself for a more public position, and stepping into it as her own native right. Her lecture was not characterised by great originality of thought, or brilliancy of diction, but was well arranged, and contained important information that satisfied her audience who were all women of superior mind and culture."

——Rev. Wm. Patton, of Hartford, well known to be an Abolitionist, recently lectured by invitation before the Maryland Institute at Baltimore. He had an audience of 2,500 to 3,000 persons. The passages in the lecture which were most warmly applauded were those ridiculing Union Saving Compromises, and what may be termed the Southern type of fanaticism. The speaker drew a picture of the "political loafer," and referred to the staple of his Congressional speeches, as consisting of rhetorical flourishes concerning "the American Eagle, the British Lion, the Compromises of the Constitution, the necessity of saving the endangered Union, and the wickedness and evil desert of being born black," &c. This met with rapturous and protracted applause. Well done, Baltimore!

——The Philadelphia *Register* notices a sermon preached by Mrs. Lucretia Mott at the Cherry street meeting of Friends in that city on Christmas day. She spoke particularly of the day, of the joy and gladness of childhood, and the increase of that joy by the gifts of friends and kindred and, contrary to the old usages of the Society, commended the custom. She was not favourable to the giving of extravagant gifts, but these small sweet courtesies of life had a tendency to strengthen the bonds of social union between the giver and the receiver. She also spoke of the various reform and humanitary movements of the day. She regarded the example of Jesus of Nazareth, whom she styled the great Reformer of his times and of the world, as the highest and most perfect for us to follow. She intimated that it was very likely to be forgotten that he, in his day, was regarded as a heretic and disturber of the established religion of his time, and left the inference that some of the reformers of the present day might not deserve that universal condemnation which they receive at the hands of the church.

POLITICS.

Hon. Thomas Steere, the newly appointed Consul to Dundee, Scotland, was the Free Soil candidate for Attorney General of Rhode Island in 1850.

——The President's Message is said to have fallen like a thunder-clap on the friends of annexation to the United States in Cuba. They expected Gen. Pierce would avow a determination to make the island a part of the Union during his Presidency.

——The 'National' Democrats insist that Gen. Cass will soon declare himself opposed to the course of the President in respect to the appointment of repentant Free Soilers and *unrepentant* Southern Secessionists to office.

——Gen. Cass, it is said in well informed quarters, is still hoping for an election to the Presidency! His friends have recently purchased Mr. Buchanan's organ, the *Union*, at Harrisburgh. This looks as if the latter were "off the track."

——The *Syracuse Journal*, a Whig paper, heretofore rather fogyish, has recently placed itself on a more progressive platform. Wm. H. Seward appears to be its model as a statesman and politician. Seward stock is rising, while Silver Grayism is getting nearer to zero every day.

——Washington letter writers—instigated, probably, by slaveholders or their tools—are talking of a "rumour" that Mr. Sumner is about to leave the Senate. The wish is doubtless father to the thought. We should not wonder if there were an effort made by the Webster Whigs in the Massachusetts Legislature to "instruct" him out of his seat; but, unless Mr. Sumner is a great deal softer man than we take him for, the scheme will fail.

——It is our impression that Edward Everett has hurt himself, politically, by opposing the proposition made in the caucus of his party to place his colleague, Mr. Sumner, upon the committees of the Senate. The Providence *Journal* says, very justly:

"Mr. Sumner is one of the most accomplished Senators in Congress; he was legally and deliberately chosen by the Legislature of Massachusetts to the seat which he fills. It is unjust, impolitic and insulting to Massachusetts to refuse him a place on the committees."

——The Free Democracy of Michigan will hold their Convention at Jackson, Jan 25th. John P. Hale, we see, has been invited to attend, and we certainly hope he will do so, if only to teach some of the leaders of the party in that State not to disgrace their cause by abuse of the Old Organized Abolitionists. If the Free Democracy of Detroit had taken the advice of Mr. Hale, they would not have united with the pro-slavery politicians and churches of that city in closing all the public halls against the noble pioneer of the Anti-Slavery Movement.

——The Free Democratic vote of New York for State officers, at the last election, appears by the official returns to have been as follows:

Controller—Seth M. Gates	16,483
Secretary of State—Chas. B. Sedgwick	14,985
Canal Commissioner—Charles G. Case	12,928
Attorney General—John Jay	16,221
Treasurer—Nathan Soule	14,387
Inspector of State Prisons—H. Boardman	16,339
State Engineer and Surveyor—Silas Cornell	14,214
Clerk of Court of Appeals—Thomas S. Frost	14,286
Judge of Court of Appeals, full term—E. T. Chase	12,968
Judge of Court of Appeals, vacancy—L. Gibbs	12,396

——M. G. Lewis, editor of the (Eastport) North Mississippi *Union*, being a candidate for the Legislature in Tishamingo county, Miss., some one has circulated the charge of Abolitionism against him. Lewis noticed the charge in a card in his paper, in which he offers the following eminently practical test of his soundness on the question:

"If any one doubts my soundness upon the Southern question, suppose he present me with a single specimen, or a half a dozen of 'em, of slaves, for experiment sake, and see what I'll do with 'em. Or if he wishes to combine profit with experiment, let him present them to his unmarried daughter, and I'll take her with them. I am willing to make an investment of the kind. Let him who doubts my soundness try the test."

——The *Herald* (Satanic), through its Washington correspondence, proclaims the existence of incurable dissensions in the Democratic party, growing out of the relations of the President and his Cabinet to the Hard and Soft controversy in New York. The dissatisfaction, it says, is wide spread and deep-seated, embracing some of the warmest personal friends of the President. Making all proper allowance for the *Herald's* enmity to the Cabinet, we still think there is some ground for its statements on this head. Indeed the signs of the breaking up of old political organizations were never more palpable than at the present time.

——Whig Presidential candidates are springing up in abundance. Edward Everett is in the field as the *residuary legatee* of Daniel Webster; and besides him there are John Crittenden of Ky., John Bell of Tenn., Gov. Jones of Georgia, Senator Pearce of Md., John M. Clayton of Del., and, last and more wonderful still, John M. Botts of Va., who once slept with John Tyler. All but one of this batch reside in slaveholding States, and he is an abject doughface, who once earned a withering rebuke from John Randolph by the declaration, that there was no cause in which he would sooner buckle on his knapsack and march to battle than in putting down a slave insurrection! Great country, and great statesmen!

—— In Ohio, at present, there are indications that pro-slavery Democrats and pro-slavery Whigs are about to embrace each other on a common platform. There are similar indications in other States. Let no one forbid the banns. "Kindred drops" from the same filthy puddle, what could be more befitting than that they should "mingle into one"? Some of the Southern politicians are eagerly watching the signs of the times. A Georgia correspondent of the Charleston (S. C.) *Standard* expresses his belief that in the row between 'Hards' and 'Softs,' "we shall find the germ of the greatest constitutional party that has been organized since the days of Jefferson—a party that shall do justice to the memory of Calhoun, and plant the perpetuity of the Union upon its true basis—the integrity of the Constitution. Watch the phases of politicians, and see if you do not find a respectable minority North Southernizing itself, ready to combine with a Southern majority to control the affairs of the nation; this is what we want—a party dependent on the South for strength; such was the Democracy until it lost its landmarks amidst the troubled waters of Northern Freesoilers."

——A correspondent of the Detroit *Free Press* (Gen. Cass's Organ) expresses his suspicion that Gerrit Smith's speech may defeat the passage of a resolution of thanks to Capt. Ingraham for his action in the Kossta case. He says: "The South is so ultra on some matters that, like vaulting ambition,

'They o'erleap *their self*, and fall upon the other side,'

and, in this case, they look like going against everything that Gerrit Smith may favour." How long will it take the stupid North to find out that the South will never let the Government do anything effectual for liberty in Europe? The same writer speaks of Mr. Smith in these terms: "He avows himself an Abolitionist, speaks plain, but says he shall sit still and listen patiently to pro-slavery speeches; which is clearly more than some of the pro-slavery members will do. Smith speaks deliberately and with much strength, and, on the whole, looks like an ugly customer."

——The Satanic Press of this city, angry that the Barnburners rather than the Adamantines are in favour with the Administration, is bidding higher than ever for slaveholding support. It now declares that the schemes hitherto proposed for the benefit of Slavery have been planned on too small a scale! Our politicians "have not risen up to the spirit of the American people." With a view of "giving expression to our political system," "preserving the equilibrium" between free and slave labour, and working out "a great economical problem, in which the highest interests of mankind are involved, and no more morbid philanthropy should be permitted to interfere with," it openly declares in favour of opening Southern California, Northern Texas *and Nebraska* to "African service." Well, that is unequivocal, whatever else may be said of the matter. We venture the prediction, that before this project is carried into effect, some people will find out that "agitation" is not yet quite dead!

——The Democratic Representatives of the North-West are a good deal disappointed and not a little indignant at the defeat of their candidate (Mr. Disney of Ohio) for Speaker. The Democracy of the North-West, after consenting to support the Fugitive Slave bill and do the dirty work of the slaveholders, thought themselves entitled to the speakership as a reward for their patriotism. Mr. Disney was their choice, but their masters, the slaveholders, gave them to understand that they must not presume to aspire so high. Mr. Boyd of Kentucky was the candidate of the Slave Power, and having enlisted the aid of the Cabinet, he was easily elected. A correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press* (the special organ of Gen. Cass) gives expression to the feelings of the doughfaces in view of this ungrateful kick from their masters, the democratic "lords of the lash."

Mr. Disney was the candidate, supported by the *North West*, for Speaker. He received the entire *North West* vote, with the exception of Stephens of Michigan, and Wells and Eastman, of Wisconsin; Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Michigan and Wisconsin (except as above), casting their united vote for him; those *excepted* voting for Orr, of South Carolina. Mr. Disney had *no* support from what you designate the "steam ship interest"—whether among members or *lobbies*. He was sought to be presented as a candidate from the *Free States*, and as such the North West, *almost* in a body, supported *him*, and, as they believed, *their claims*. Since the year 1811, the *Free States* have furnished a Speaker seven years—seven years! through a period of forty-two years!!!

It required no *less* than the influence which *was* actively exerted against the candidate of the North West to defeat him. It was no "steam ship interest," for nor against him, which prostrated him and his friends. The "*hand writing*" was on the wall—and it needed no "expert" to recognise it.

Mr. Editor, "western interests" are below par in this metropolis. Not "*enlarged national*," but *contracted Southern views*, occupy the foreground just at this present speaking (e. g. the "*enlarged national views*" expressed in the "message" upon the subject of harbour and western improvements. Do those "*views*" elucidate, to your understanding, the "policy" which brought the whole power of the government to bear in the re-election of Linn Boyd, of Kentucky—about whose "enlarged *national* views," by-the-by, you neglected to speak?)

In a word, we can resent and battle against the blows of our *adversaries*; but, pray, spare the infliction of the lash in the "House of our friends." Let the North, and of all that North, let the North West be true to itself, and we *may, possibly*, in time, secure in some *small* measure, the *respect* which is due to our immense interests, and the power to which our political antecedents and *uniform* position entitle us

Yours,

"ENLARGED NATIONAL VIEWS."

Another correspondent of the same paper grumbles because Western Democrats were not appointed to more prominent positions on the Committees of the House. He says:

There is but one opinion in reference to the North Western members, and that is, that they have not had justice done them, and have been nearly overlooked in the formation of Committees having immediate connection with their section of the country. It is impossible now to make it different, and there is no other remedy but to submit with a cheerful resignation; to act well the part assigned them, and be content with the honours that each can win for himself.

Slavery is a hard master, but it is no grief to us that men who betrayed the cause of liberty for the sake of office are themselves betrayed in turn. In our judgment they have got exactly what, from their "political antecedents," they richly deserved.

DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXXXVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The correspondent wisheth Happy New Years—And to whom—He commendeth the Abolitionists and maketh a comparison—He commendeth his own letters and comforteth the Readers thereof—He commendeth the Age and Country—"Crushing out" in East Walpole—Mr. Bird's decapitation—Who is Smith?—Moral of the Tale—How Mr. Cushing was made Judge—Chain of circumstances—How it ended—A liberal work—The Correspondent on the Storm and its consequences—A Milkless City—Where the Correspondent was and with whom—The Storm and the Bazaar—The Result—The Speaking—Mrs. Stowe's gifts—The Celebration at Plymouth—The City Election—Whig perplexity for a Candidate—Whom they tried to get and whom they did get—A headless City—Whig Strength in the State and City, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, Jan. 3, 1854.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to ye both and to all your Courteous Readers—and, more especially, to all your more courteous paying subscribers! I have wished you a good many such during the succession of years through which my hundred and thirty-seven letters have extended. And, on the whole, they have been tolerably happy ones, have they not? We have been "put down," and "extinguished," and "demolished," and now, finally, "crushed out" so many times, over and over again, that it may be esteemed a happiness that we live and are able to brandish our glittering steel (pen) at all. Like the herb that Sir John Falstaff tells us is well known in the realm of England, and which is called of men Chamomile (I have a painful reminiscence of youth touching the decoction thereof), the more we are trampled on, the better we like it, and the more we flourish. A Hundred and Thirty-Seven Letters! Bless my soul, what stores of knowledge, what treasures of wisdom, they must contain! I will look over them, some rainy day, and refresh my own spirit with the review of what I have done for the delectation and edification of mankind. We cannot tell what a day, much less a year, will bring forth; but I think I can promise your readers that the year of Grace Eighteen Hundred Fifty-Four will not be less fruitful of events to feed our spleen and our mirth than those that have gone before it. It is a funny country and age we live in, and all the more comical for the preternatural gravity with which they go through with their antics. I am daily thankful that my lot has been cast just where and when it is. It is a thousand pities that a Nation should be so cowardly and lying and mean as this Great one of ours is; but if it must be so, let us be thankful that it makes itself so ridiculous in the process. Only think of having to live in this country without the relief of laughing at it! Why, it would be worse than hanging and pressing to death rolled into one.

We have had a very funny specimen of the way in which Brigadier Judge Attorney General Cushing proposes to "crush out" Abolitionism. The victim which was chosen to make red the Wine-press of this Avenger was the Hon. Francis W. Bird, of East Walpole, a prominent Free Soiler, and one who adds to his other virtues that of subscribing for the *Standard*. Now, East Walpole, you must understand, is not territorially immense nor overburdened with population; but yet it wanted a Post Office, and Mr. Bird was induced, as a favour to the town, and at the special request of the Department, to take the Office of Post Master. The income of the Office is not, probably, more than fifty dollars a year, and it was considered as an obligation to the Department that he consented to take the trouble for the accommodation of his neighbours. But the 'crushing out' process having been begun, it was thought best to make a signal example, and, accordingly, the fact has been trumpeted throughout the land that John Smith (who the dickens is John Smith? which of them is it? or is it merely a mythical John—a metaphysical Smith?)—that John Smith, I say, is appointed Postmaster of East Walpole in the place of F. W. Bird, removed! In the Gazette it looks as big as the appointment of Mr. Redfield in the place of Judge Bronson, and should strike a salutary terror into the hearts of all evil-doers. But there is a moral to point this tale with. It has more pith and moment in it than would be inferred from the bald facts I have stated. For, you must know, Mr. Bird was a member of Governor Boutwell's last Council, by which the said Brigadier as well as Attorney-General was created a Judge as well. Indeed, men say that it was Mr. Bird that put the Nomination through the Council, and was thus the official author of Mr. Cushing's Judgeship. And then, you see, it was the fact that he was one of the Supreme Judges of Massachusetts that mainly helped to make him a Cabinet Minister, so that Mr. Bird, who is thus unceremoniously thrust out of this little Post Office, was the very man who gave the General the *boost* which enabled him to climb up where he now is! In view of the chain of events, one can hardly help being sorry that it was not Five Thousand instead of Fifty Dollars which his gratitude has "crushed out" of his benefactor.

I suppose you have heard the remark made that we have had a very bad storm hereabouts. Indeed, we have heard that you were not much better off than we, for that matter. Your subscribers were made painfully aware of the fact by two or three days' delay in the arrival of that excellent Family Newspaper. It was, indeed, a memorable tempest. The Railways were never so generally and so long blocked up with snow. Passengers spent whole nights in the Railway carriages, the mails were stopped for days, and, what was of more importance to daily life in this city, there was a complete stoppage of the supply of Milk! Boston was a Milkless City for two days, to the great, though not silent, grief of the Rising Generation, and to the no small vexation of that which had already risen. I myself escaped this inconvenience, as I happened, oddly enough, to be snowed up at the house of your Corresponding Editor in the town of Dedham for three days. And it was also a singular coincidence that the gentleman who used to be your Junior Corresponding Editor some years since, until the arrangement came to an end by his departure for foreign parts, was my companion in this misfortune. We did our best, however, to sustain each other's spirits and were measurably successful. On Saturday we returned to town together, grateful for our marvellous deliverance. I fear that there has been a terrible loss of life along our coast. It is said that there are two hundred craft of various tonnage ashore on the coast of Massachusetts. But we will hope that this is exaggerated until it is confirmed.

The storm was a very serious detriment to the Bazaar. It must have damaged the last three days' sales very materially. Still, the result was not unsatisfactory to those who had the responsibility and pains of it. The gross receipts were more than Four Thousand dollars, an advance upon that of last year. The storm injured it, undoubtedly, to the tune of five or six hundred dollars, at the least. However, the goods that are left on hand are of a saleable description and are sure of bringing their value into the treasury, sooner or later. The attendance of purchasers was very satisfactory indeed, and looked as if some of the bitterness of hostility which had *tabooed* the Fair, in certain quarters, was passing away. The proceeds of the first day exceeded those of any previous day of opening, being nearly twelve hundred dollars, and the sales went on afterwards as well as usual until the great storm put a stop, or a damper at least, to that as well as to other kinds of merchandising. On four evenings, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, Addresses were made by Messrs. Garrison, Quincy, Foss and Pillsbury. The Show of Goods was never handsomer than this year, and Mrs. Stowe's English gifts, the Silver Salver on which the £1,000 was presented to her, at Edinburgh, for Anti-Slavery Uses, and the Silver Inkstand given in London, which she kindly allowed to be on exhibition, were material attractions. The small library of Quartos, too, containing the signatures to the Address to the Women of America by those of England, was a veritable curiosity and suggestive of thought and emotion that could not be unfruitful.

Since I wrote last, I assisted at the Celebration of the Landing of the Fathers, at Plymouth. The Meeting was held in Leyden Hall, on Saturday night and through the day and evening of Sunday. The attendance was good throughout and crowded on the last afternoon and evening. Messrs. Garrison, Quincy, Pillsbury, Whiting, Ford, &c. took part in the speaking. Mr. Phillips was prevented from attending by a hoarseness which hindered him from speaking. We had most hospitable entertainment and the best of times, at the off hours, which, indeed, has grown into an institution there. It was altogether a very satisfactory and satisfying occasion.

Our own Municipal Election has again made an abortive attempt to accomplish itself. The Whigs found it very hard to find a martyr willing to go to the Stake (or, at least, to the *poll*) for their sake. They even tried to procure the Second Mayor of the City, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, who retired from office a quarter of a century ago, as an available candidate. As that gentleman has never belonged to the Whig party, but has remained to this day a good old-fashioned, black-cockade, blue-light, Free-trade, Hartford Convention Federalist, and nothing else, he probably did not feel called upon to quit his vine and fig tree and put his shoulder to the wheel of their political wagon to help it out of the slough. At any rate, he did not, and they, at last, fell back on Mr. Bigelow, the famous Sims Mayor, as their last hope. And it was not very well fulfilled, as he was licked rather worse than Mr. Seaver. Indeed, Dr. J. V. C. Smith, who was an anomalous sort of a candidate, nominated the Lord knows by whom and the Lord knows why, came within, some say, *nine* of an election. As it is, they will have to try it again, and we are now in the predicament of Saint Denys on his last walk out of Paris, which, you know, he took with his head under his arm. But this result is a curious commentary on the boasts of the Whigs of their majority in the State, when they cannot even command that of their party in the City which is their stronghold. A persistent course of agitation on the part of the Free Soilers would upset them again, you may depend on it.—D. Y.

SUMMARY.

Cassius M. Clay we see it stated, contemplates opening a banking house in Cincinnati next spring.

The *Shekinah*, Spiritualist publication, has been suspended, and Dr. Buchanan's *Journal of Man*, which is to be removed to this City, is to take its place.

A SWORD TO CAPT. INGRAHAM.—Both Houses of the South Carolina Legislature, on the 15th ult., passed the resolution authorizing the Governor of that State to present a sword to Capt. Ingraham. The Secretary of the Navy has ordered the relief for Commander Ingraham which his friends recently solicited on account of his bad health. He may, therefore, be expected to return to the United States not long hence.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION of the soldiers of 1812 will assemble in Independence Hall on the 9th of January, at 12 M. This arrangement has been made to suit the convenience of many delegates, who will thus be enabled to reach Philadelphia in time, by the morning conveyances. From present appearances, there will be a large assemblage of the soldiers of the second war of independence.

THE STORM of last week was the most memorable of any that has occurred for many years. The fall of snow in New-England and the Middle States was very heavy. Railroads were blocked up, the mails intercepted and much damage done to shipping on the Atlantic coast. In Boston the streets were more impeded by drifts than at any other previous time since 1831.

A HALE OLD TREE.—Capt. Solomon Marsh, of Litchfield has on his premises an apple tree which measures 14 feet around the trunk, and yielded the past season 20 bushels of good fruit. Previous to 1853 it yielded about *one hundred bushels* per year! The tree was brought from Hartford by the first settlers of Litchfield, and has borne delicious fruit *one hundred and thirty years!* So says the *Litchfield Republican*.

Twenty one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven deaths occurred in New York during the year 1853. Of these, 11,785 were males and 10,112 females. Of the children, we record 6,871 under one year of age, 2,976 from one to two 3,302 from two to five, and 828 from five to ten—showing, 12,977 deaths under ten years, besides 757 still-born for the last half year—making more than sixty per cent. of the whole mortality of children under ten.—*Tribune.*

A POETICAL FAMILY.—Last Christmas (1852), the Burleigh brothers and their wives and one sister—nine in all—seated around the dinner table, wrote, each, a Christmas song, the rhyming words—16 in number— being prescribed in their order before they began writing. The time occupied in writing was fifteen minutes. We have read the whole number, and considering the difficulty of writing poetry when confined to particular rhyming words, and the short time employed, we consider them remarkable productions, and doubt if another family can be found of the same numbers with equal poetical talents.—*Wisconsin Free Dem.*

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—The members of the Presbyterian Church (N. S.) in the slaveholding States have of late showed their displeasure against the American Home Missionary Society, because they send so much more aid to the West than to the South. This has lately led to the formation of "the Southern Aid Society," and many Northern men have lent it their names. A few days since a thorough Western man met a Northern Minister somewhat prominent in the "Southern Aid Society," and addressed him thus:

"Dr. ——, I have a petition to present to your Society."

"Ah! what is it?" said the Doctor.

"That you forthwith send a Minister to preach the Gospel at Norfolk, Virginia, where they have fined Mrs. Douglas *for teaching coloured children to read.*"—*Tribune.*

ESCAPE OF SMITH O'BRIEN.—The *Limerick* (Ireland) *Reporter* of Dec. 15 says:

We have just been handed a letter from a highly respectable Irishman resident in Melbourne, giving full details of the escape of Smith O'Brien from the penal exile to which the British Government doomed him, and from which he has been released by the courage and fidelity of a few Irish friends in the colony, and the sympathizing aid of the commander of an American trading vessel which was in the offing to take him away to the free shores of Columbia. There is no doubt whatever of the fact; and we need not state that we feel considerable pleasure in being the first medium of announcing it. The writer of this letter was one of those who assisted Smith O'Brien in his escape. We may add that Smith O'Brien was bound by no parole.

THE SLAVE POWER IN THE JUDICIARY.—A recent number of the *Columbian* has a carefully prepared table, by which it appears that in the Free States, a Free population of near FOURTEEN MILLIONS has only *four* Judges; while in the Slave States, a Free population of little more than SIX MILLIONS has *five*. No wonder that the institution or rather abomination of Slavery is carefully guarded by that Court. It is constituted for that purpose. More than that, three of the four Judges in the Free States are men of the strongest Slavery proclivities, as witness the Honorable Judge Grier of the 3d District. So, in a word, the Supreme Bench of the United States is composed of *eight* Pro-Slavery Judges, namely, Curtis, Nelson, Grier, Taney, Campbell, Wayne, Catron, and Daniel, and one Anti-Slavery, namely, McLean of the 4th District. Verily, the peculiar institution is well guarded.

JUSTICE.—We noticed, some days since, the fact that a number of emigrants, "who had paid their passage to New-York, were landed in Philadelphia, and that the Captain of the ship had refused to forward them to their destination. The British Consul took up the case, found a lodging house for the strangers, and commenced legal proceedings against the ship. On the next day the Captain attempted to induce the emigrants to go to New-York, at his expense, but they refused to do so, until advised by the Consul. He then swore he would do nothing further about the matter; but the law had hold of him, and his vessel was seized until $4,000 should be paid to cancel the judgment which had been rendered after a trial of the case. Meanwhile the British Consul had forwarded the strangers to their destination. This act of justice will have a salutary influence upon the swindlers who attempt to make money out of the ignorance and credulity of their victims.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

IMMIGRATION FOR 1853.—According to the books of the Commissioners of Emigration, 284,945 aliens and 50,312 citizens arrived at this port by sea during the past year—and of these 131,164 were Irish, 119,644 Germans, 27,126 English, 6,456 Scotch, 1,182 Welch, 7,470 French, 659 Spanish, 4,604 Swiss, 1,085 Low Dutch, 377 Norwegian, 1,630 Swedish, 94 Danish, 533 Italians, 237 Portugese, 34 Belgian, 6 Nova Scotian, 72 Sardinian, 175 South American, 53 Chinese, 37 Sicilian, 51 Mexican, 39 Russian, 186 Polish, 10 Turkish, and 1 Greek. There are 1,000 more Germans, and 5,000 fewer Irish than in 1852. The figures in the books show that there was a decrease of 16,047 in the number of immigrants arrived last year as compared with the previous year and a decrease of 4,656 as compared with the arrivals of 1851. This decrease may be attributable in part to the large number who fell victims to the cholera while on their passage to this part; and also to the fact that within a recent period several large shipping houses in this City prohibited their vessels to be used in bringing immigrants.—*Tribune.*

CRISTMAS AT RANDALL'S ISLAND.—Yesterday was set apart as a Chrismas holiday to the children at Randall's Island. They were visited by quite a number of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the Hon. John P. Hale, wife and daughter, Mayor Westervelt Mr. Coleman of the Astor House, Govs. West, Draper, and Pinckney, and their lady friends. The visitors were received at the landing by about 400 of the boys, drawn up in line, and escorted to the school-room, where short addresses were delivered by the Hon. John P Hale and Gov. West. Mrs. Gibbons also addressed a few words to the children. Edward Austin, a lad of 13 years, delivered an address in behalf of the children, after which they were served with a turkey dinner at the dining halls. During the afternoon the boys were allowed the privilege of the island, and in the evening they were to be supplied with cakes, candy, &c. About $200 were distributed to the children at the Hospital by Mrs. Gibbons. —*Tribune, Dec.* 27.

AN OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.—On Saturday evening, Dec. 24, as a seaman by the name of Crocker was returning to New London from Norwich to which place he had been to visit his family, he was asked by the conductor on the New London, Norwich and Providence Railroad to pay the extra charge which is always demanded when the fare is paid on the cars. Crocker, says the *Norwich Aurora*, told the conductor that he had left all his money with his family except fifty cents, which he supposed was the regular fee, and which would have been enough had he bought the ticket before the cars started. The conductor immediately ordered the train to stop, and Crocker was seized by the brakeman and thrown over the chain on the rear of the car He struck upon the ground with such force that his kneepan was broken, and he was otherwise seriously bruised and injured. The train then passed on, and he crawled upon the ground as well as he could to the nearest house—which was about a mile and a half distant—where he lay in great agony till his friends were notified of his condition on Sunday morning. He is now at his home in Norwich, but is probably a cripple for life.—*Hartford Times.*

CHRISTMAS AT THE FIVE POINTS.—The moral influence of Christmas was never so forcibly felt at the Five Points as upon the present occasion. We understand the Mission House on the site of the Old Brewery was open all day and received many donations from visitors, in and of their good work. The streets were thronged in that neighbourhood with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, and some of the richest carriages of the City; the effect of which was to make the toters, male and female, shrink back into their dens, while the children saw and felt the effects of such visits to the House of Industry, which was crowded to excess all the afternoon, while several hundred Christmas presents were bestowed upon the scholars of that school—presents that had a telling effect upon the recipients and upon outsiders, for they were made in the shape of warm woolen shawls, woolen comforters, woolen mittens, handkerchiefs, stockings, shoes, &c, &c.—five hundred books having been given out on Saturday evening. Twelve porte monnaies, each containing half a dollar, sent by an unknown friend and several others, and purses from others, and lots of cash presents were given, constituting about thirty scholars' depositors in the Sixpenny Savings Bank, in sums from 25 cts. to $10, which will be deposited by the children in person on Thursday evening at 6 o'clock.—*Tribune, Dec.* 27.

A SERIOUS AFFAIR.—The visit of the Pope's Nuncio, Cardinal Bedini, at Cincinnati was the occasion of an intense excitement among a portion of the people of foreign birth. The German Society of Freemen, of that city, on Christmas night, marched in a body toward the residence of the Catholic Archbishop, where the Nuncio lodged, with the intention, as many persons supposed, of doing him bodily injury. The authorities of the city having been informed of what was going on, sent out a large body of armed police, to intercept the procession. The order was carried into effect, but in the *melee* one German was killed. Sixty-three others were taken and lodged in the watch-house, and the first impression was, that the city had been saved from the disgrace of a mob and the murder of the Cardinal by the promptness of the city government. The German Society, however, has made a statement which puts another face upon the matter. They explain their indignation toward Bedini by declaring that he is responsible, as Governor of Bologna during the Italian revolution of 1848, for the cruel death of Ugo Bassi, a patriot Monk, and for many other acts of cruelty toward the friends of liberty. They say that, in order "to bring to light" the character of this man, and let the public know his crimes against liberty, they "resolved upon a public demonstration, by going out in a body from their hall, through Ninth to Fifth street Market, as peaceably as possible, there to read aloud, in the presence of the effigy of this Bedini, his murders and actions, and then quietly retire." Since the appearance of this explanation, the arrested persons have been set free, and the current of public sympathy has set in their favour, while the police are denounced in unmeasured terms. From the evidence at trial it is considered by many that the conduct of the police was outrageous and injustifiable.

"CAUGHT.—We noticed two likely young negro men, shipped on board the Telegraph on Tuesday, from the Covington wharf, for Louisville. They were carefully hand-cuffed, separately and jointly, and show

Miscellaneous Department.

REGENERATION.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.
But where the land is *dim from tyranny*,
Where lazy pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; what is best
Now becomes worst—what loveliest most deformed;
The passions flourish—the affections die.
O! thou vast tablet of these awful truths,
That fillest all the space between the seas,
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts
To the Byzantine City and its sea—
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 'Tis the breath
Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to life!
Let the last work of God's right hand appear
Fresh with his image, Man!
What thunders burst upon mine ear? Some isle
Hath surely risen from the gulfs profound
Eager to seek the sunshine from the breast
Of beauteous nature.
A greater thing than isle, than continent,
Than earth itself, than ocean circling earth,
Hath risen there; regenerate man hath risen—
Generous old Bard of Chios! where thy cradle stood
Twice twenty self-devoted Greeks assailed
The naval host of Asia, and at one blow
Scattered it into air—and Greece was free!
The Marathonian columns never told
A tale more glorious—never Salamis;
Peace, praise, eternal gladness to the soul,
That rising from the sea into the heavens,
Have honoured first their country with their blood!
O! thou immortal Spartan! thou Leonidas—
Thou, even thou, wilt not disdain, but love
To mingle names august as these with thine.

What monsters coil beneath the spreading tree
Of Despotism! what wastes extend around!
What poison floats upon the distant breeze!
But who are those that cull and deal its fruit?
Creatures that shun the light and fear the shade.
Rise up again, rise in thy dignity,
Dejected man! and scare this brood away.

MY CHATEAUX.

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree."
COLERIDGE.

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West; but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset, when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon. It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes at least, from any part of the world in which I chance to be. In my long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a supercargo), if I felt home-sick, or sank into a reverie of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then, looking toward the West, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished as if to salute and welcome me. So, in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty hurrying to the congress of fashion—or, if I observe that the cares of time are deepening their tracks around the eyes of my wife, Prue, I go quietly up to the house-top, toward evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates. It is as dear to me as that of Eton to the poet Gray; and, if I sometimes wonder at such moments whether I shall find these realms as fair as they appear, I am suddenly reminded that the night air may be noxious, and, descending, I enter the little parlour where Prue sits stitching, and surprise that precious woman by exclaiming, with the poet's pensive enthusiasm:

"Thought would destroy their Paradise,
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

Columbus, also, had possessions in the West; and as I read aloud the romantic history of his life, my voice quivers as I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odours of the land mingled with the sea-air, as the admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous premises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps not all decayed, floated out to welcome the strange wood from which the craft were hollowed—then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions I have seen, before I have even undertaken the journey to the West, and I cry aloud to Prue:

"What sun-bright birds, and gorgeous blossoms, and celestial odours will float out to us, my Prue, as we approach our western possessions!"

The placid Prue raises her eyes to mine with a reproof so delicate that it could not be trusted to words; and, after a moment, she resumes her knitting, and I proceed:

"These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions, and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have, naturally, conversed much with travellers to that country, although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possess a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest, and in the loveliest positions. And, after I heard this said, I verified it, by discovering that all my immediate neighbours in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

One day as I raised my head from entering some long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance-sheet, I observed my insubordinate, in office, but not in years (for poor old Titbottom will never see sixty again!), leaning on his hand, and much abstracted.

"Are you not well, Titbottom?" asked I.

"Perfectly, but I was just building a castle in Spain," said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye, and white hair, for a moment, in great surprise, and then inquired.

"Is it possible that you own property there, too?"

He shook his head silently; and still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye, as if he were looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans, laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber.

"What a singular whim," thought I, as I watched Titbottom, and filled up a check for four hundred dollars, my quarterly salary, "that a man who owns castles in Spain should be deputy bookkeeper at nine hundred dollars a years!"

When I went home, I eat my dinner silently, and afterwards sat for a long time upon the roof of the house, looking at my western property, and thinking of Titbottom.

It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been in Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go; I am too much engaged. So is Titbottom. And I find that is the case with all the proprietors. We have so much to detain us at home that we cannot get away. It is always so with rich men. Prue sighed once as she sat at the window and saw Bourne, the millionaire, the President of innumerable companies, and manager and director of all the moral societies in town, going by with wrinkled brow and hurried step. I asked her why she sighed.

"Because I was remembering that my mother used to tell me not to desire great riches, for property occasioned cares," said she.

"It does, indeed," answered I, with emphasis, remembering Titbottom, and the impossibility of looking after my Spanish estates.

Prue turned and looked at me with wild surprise; but I saw that her mind had gone down the street with Bourne. I could never discover if he held much Spanish stock. But I think he does. All the Spanish proprietors have a certain expression.—Bourne has it to a remarkable degree. It is a kind of look, as if—as if, in fact, a man's mind were in Spain. Bourne was an old lover of Prue's and he is not married, which is strange for a man in his position, so rich, and so intelligent.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand large and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscapes, that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland. The neighbouring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Coliseum and of seeing the shattered arches of the Aqueducts, stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched. The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavour as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travellers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath. The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand, also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden Horn is my fish preserve; my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna—all in my Spanish domain.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eye so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone, glance at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The bands have never collected, play all night long, and enchant the brilliant company, that was never assembled, into silence. In the long summer mornings the children that I never had, play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling, "Father! father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother, mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawny slopes on which, when a child, I played, in my father's old country place, which was sold when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded, nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years, among the trees I remember. Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now, but those I used to prick my fingers with when gathering in New Hampshire are exquisite as ever to my taste, when I think of eating them in Spain. I don't ride horseback any more; but in Spain, when I think of it, I bound over all the fences in the country, bare-backed upon the wildest horses. Sermons I am apt to find a little soporific in this country; but in Spain I should listen as reverently as ever, for proprietors must set a good example on their estates. Plays are insufferable to me here—Prue and I never go. Prue, indeed, is not quite sure it is moral; but the theatres in my Spanish castles are of a prodigious splendour, and when I think of going there, Prue sits in the front box with me—a kind of royal box—the good woman, attired in such wise as I have never seen her here, while I wear my white waistcoat, which in Spain has no appearance of mending, but dazzles with immortal newness, and is a miraculous fit.

Yes, and in those castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid, breeches-patching help-mate, with whom you are acquainted, but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and her movement a grace which my Spanish swans emulate, and her voice a music sweeter than those that orchestras discourse. She is always there what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her, many and many years ago. The neighbours called her then a nice, capable girl; and certainly she did knit and darn with a zeal and success to which my feet and my legs have testified for nearly half a century. But she could spin a finer web than ever came from cotton, and in its subtle meshes my heart was entangled, and there has reposed softly and happily ever since. The neighbours declared she could make pudding and cake better than any girl of her age; but stale bread from Prue's hand was ambrosia to my palate.

"She who makes everything well, even to making neighbours speak well of her, will surely make a good wife," said I to myself when I knew her, and the echo of a half century answers, "a good wife."

So, when I meditate my Spanish castles, I see Prue in them, as my heart saw her standing by her father's door: "Age cannot wither her." There is a magic in the Spanish air that paralyzes time. He glides by, unnoticed and unnoticing. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terrace; I enjoy the pensive shade of the Italian ruins, which are there; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain; I am glad to drink sherbit in Damascus, and fleece my flocks on the plains of Marathon, but I would resign all these forever, rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day. Nay, have I not resigned them all for ever, to live with that portrait's changing original?

I have often wondered how I shall ever reach my castles. The desire of going comes over me very strongly, sometimes, and I endeavour to see how I can arrange my affairs, so as to get away. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure of the route—I mean to that particular part of Spain in which my estates lie. I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seems to know precisely. One morning I met young Aspen, trembling with excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked I with interest, for I knew that he held a great deal of Spanish stock.

"Oh!" said he, "I am going to take possession. I have found the way to my castle in Spain."

"Dear me!" I answered, with the blood streaming into my face; and, heedless of Prue pulling my glove until it ripped—"what is it!"

"The direct route is through California," answered he.

"But then you have the sea to cross afterward," said I remembering the map.

"Not at all," answered Aspen, "the road runs along the shore of the Sacramento river."

He darted away from me, and I did not meet him again. I was very curious to know if he arrived safely in Spain, and was expecting every day to hear news from him of my property there, when one evening, I bought an extra, full of California news, and the first thing upon which my eye fell was this: "Died, in San Francisco, Edward Aspen, Esq., aged 35." There is a large body of the Spanish stockholders who believe with Aspen, and sail for California every week. I have not yet heard of their arrival out at their castles, but I suppose they are so busy with their own affairs there, that they have no time to write to the rest of us about the condition of our property.

There was my wife's cousin, too, Jonathan Bud, who is a good, honest youth from the country, and after a few weeks, absence, he burst into the office one day, just as I was balancing my books, and whispered to me, eagerly:

"I have found my castle in Spain."

I put the blotting paper to the leaf, for I was wiser now than when Aspen had excited me, and looked at my wife's cousin, Jonathan Bud, inquiringly.

"Polly Bacon," whispered he, winking.

I continued the interrogative glance.

"She's going to marry me, and she'll show me the way to Spain," said Jonathan Bud, hilariously.

"She'll make you walk Spanish, Jonathan Bud," said I.

And so she does. He makes no more hilarious remarks. He never bursts into a room. He doesn't ask us to dinner. He says that Mrs. Bud doesn't like smoking. Mrs. Bud has nerves and babies. She has a way of saying, "Mr. Bud!" which destroys conversation, and casts a gloom upon society.

It occurred to me that Bourne, the millionaire, must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain, so I stole a few minutes one afternoon, and went into his office. He was sitting at his desk writing rapidly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes, everything that covers the table of a great merchant. In the outer rooms clerks were writing. Upon high shelves over their heads were huge boxes covered with dust, dingy with age, many of them, and all marked with the name of the firm in large black letters—"Bourne & Dye." They were all numbered also with the proper years: some of them with a single B., and dates extended back into the last century, when old Bourne made the great fortune before he went into partnership with Dye. Everything was indicative of immense and increasing prosperity.

There were several gentlemen in waiting to converse with Bourne (we all call him so, familiarly, down town), and I waited until they went out. All kinds of inquiries were made and answered. At length I stepped up.

"A moment, please, Mr. Bourne?"

He looked up hastily, wished me good morning, which he had done to none of the others, and which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

"What is it sir?" he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

"Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?" asked I, without preface.

He looked at me for a few moments without seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed, and his eyes, apparently looking into the street, were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

"Too many, too many," said he, at length, musingly, shaking his head and without addressing me.

I suppose he felt himself too much extended—as we say in Wall street. He feared, I thought, that he had too much impracticable property elsewhere, to own so much in Spain; so I asked:

"Will you tell me what you consider the shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? for, of course a man who drives such an immense trade with all parts of the world, will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he, wearily, "I have been trying, all my life, to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there—none of my captains have any report to make. They bring me, as they brought my father, gold dust from Guinea; ivory, pearls, and precious stones from every part of the earth, but not a fruit, not a solitary flower from one of my castles in Spain. I have sent clerks, agents, and travellers of all kinds; philosophers, pleasure-hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles, except one young poet, and he died in a mad-house."

"Mr. Bourne, will you take five thousand at ninety-seven?" hastily demanded a man, who as he entered, I recognised as a broker. "We'll make a splendid thing of it."

Bourne nodded assent, and the broker disappeared.

"Happy man!" muttered the merchant, as the broker went out; "he has no castles in Spain."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I am glad you came," returned he; "but I assure you, had I known the route you hoped to ascertain from me, I should have sailed years ago. People sail for the north-west passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't the English Admirality fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

He sat lost in thought.

"It's nearly post-time, sir," said the clerk.

Mr. Bourne did not heed him. He was still musing; and I turned to go, wishing him good morning. When I had nearly reached the door, he called me back, saying, as if continuing his remarks,

"It is strange that you, of all men, should come to ask me this question. If I envy any man it is you, for I sincerely assure you that I suppose you lived altogether upon your Spanish estates. I once thought I knew the way to mine. I gave directions for furnishing them, and ordering bridal bouquets, which, I suppose, are there still."

He paused a moment, then said slowly—"How is your wife?"

I told him that Prue was well—that she was always remarkably well. Mr. Bourne shook me warmly by the hand.

"Thank you," said he. "Good morning."

I knew why he thanked me; I knew why he thought that I lived altogether upon my Spanish estates; I knew a little bit about those bridal bouquets. Mr. Bourne, the millionare, was an old lover of Prue's. There is something very odd about those Spanish castles. When I think of them, I somehow see the fair-haired girl whom I knew when I was not out of short jackets. When Bourne meditates them, he sees Prue and me quietly at home in their best chambers. It is a very singular thing that my wife should live in another man's castle in Spain.

At length I resolved to ask Titbottom if he had ever heard of the best route to our estates. He said he owned castles, and sometimes there was an expression in his face, as if he saw them. I hope he did. I should long ago have asked him if he had ever observed the turrets of my possessions in the West, if I had not feared he would suppose I was mocking his poverty. I hope his poverty has not turned his head, for he is very forlorn. One Sunday I went with him a few miles into the country. It was a soft, bright day, the fields and hills lay turned to the sky, as if every blade of grass were nerves, bared to the touch of the sun. I almost felt the ground warm under my feet. The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon further away. As we strolled along picking wild flowers, for it was in summer, I was thinking what a fine day it was for a trip to Spain, when Titbottom suddenly exclaimed:

"Thank God! I own this landscape."

"You!" returned I.

"Certainly," said he.

"Why," I answered, "I thought this was part of Bourne's property?"

Titbottom smiled.

"Does Bourne own the sun and the sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden lustre of the grain, or the motion of the wood? or those ghosts of hills that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences; I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain?"

That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever.

"Do you know," said he, after a long pause, "that I fancy my castles lie beyond those distant hills. At all events, I can see them distinctly from their summits."

He smiled quietly as he spoke, and it was then I asked:

"But Titbottom, have you never discerned the way to them?"

"Dear me! yes," answered he, "I know the way well enough; but it would do no good to follow it. I should give out before I arrived. It is a long and difficult journey for a man of my years and habits; and income," he added slowly.

As he spoke he seated himself upon the ground; and while he pulled long blades of grass, and putting them between his thumbs, whistled shrilly, he said:

"I have never known but two men who reached their estates in Spain."

"Indeed," said I, "how did they go?"

"One went over the side of a ship, and the other out of a third story window," said Titbottom, fitting a broad blade between his thumbs, and blowing a demoniacal blast.

"And I know one man that resides upon the estates constantly," continued he.

"Who is that?"

"Our old friend Slug, whom you may see any day at the asylum, just coming in from the hunt, or going to call upon his friend the Grand Lama, or dressing for the wedding of the Man in the Moon, or receiving an ambassador from Timbuctoo. When I go to see him, Slug insists that I am the Pope disguised as a journeyman carpenter, and he entertains me in the most distinguished manner. He always insists upon kissing my foot, and I bestow upon him kneeling, the apostolic benediction. This is the only Spanish proprietor in possession, with whom I am acquainted."

And so saying, Titbottom lay back upon the ground, and making a spy-glass of his hand, surveyed the landscape through it. This was a marvellous book-keeper of more than sixty!

"I know another man who lived in his Spanish castle for two months, and then was tumbled out head first. That was young Stunning who married old Buhl's daughter. She was all smiles, and mamma was all sugar, and Stunning was all bliss, for two months. He carried his head in the clouds, and felicity absolutely foamed at his eyes. He was drowned in love, seeing, as usual, not what really was, but what he fancied. He lived so exclusively in his castle, that he forgot the office down town, and one morning there came a squeeze and Stunning was smashed."

Titbottom arose and stooping over, contemplated the landscape, with his head down between his legs.

"It's quite a new effect, so," said the nimble bookkeeper.

"Well," said I, "Stunning failed?"

"Oh yes, smashed all up, and the castle in Spain came down about his ears with a tremendous crash. The family sugar was all dissolved into the original *aone* in a moment. Fairy times are over are they? Ask Stunning if sleek ma's-in-law don't change miraculously into she-tigers, as often as linnets into princesses in the old stories. Heigh-ho! the falling stones of Stunning's castle have left their marks all over his face. I call them his Spanish scars."

"But my dear Titbottom," said I, "what is the matter with you this morning? your usual sedateness is quite gone."

"It's only the exhilarating air of Spain," he answered. "My castles are so fair and stately that I can never think of them, nor speak of them, without excitement; when I was younger I desired to reach them, even more ardently than now, because I heard the philosopher's stone was in the vault of one of them."

"Indeed," said I, yielding to sympathy, "and I have good reason to believe that the fountain of eternal youth flows through the garden of one of mine. Do you know whether there are any children upon your grounds?"

"The children of Alice call Bertram father!" replied Titbottom, solemnly, and in a low voice, as he folded his faded hands before him, and stood erect, looking wistfully over the landscape. The light wind played with his thin white hair, and his sober, black suit was almost sombre in the sunshine. The half bitter expression, which I had remarked upon his face during part of our conversation, had passed away, and the old sadness had returned to his eye. He stood, in the pleasant morning, the very image of a great proprietor of castles in Spain.

"There is wonderful music there," he said. "Sometimes I awake at night, and hear it. It is full of the sweetness of youth, and love, and a new world. I lie and listen, and its magic is such that I seem to arrive at the great gates of my estates. They swing open upon noiseless hinges, and the topic of my dreams receives me. Up to the broad steps, whose marble pavement mingled light and shadowprint with shifting mosaic, beneath the boughs of lustrous oleander, and palms, and trees of unimaginable fragrance, I pass into the vestibule, warm with summer odours, and into the presence-chamber beyond, where my wife awaits me. But castle, and wife, and odorous woods, and pictures, and statues, and all the bright substance of my household, seem to reel and glimmer in the splendour, as the music fails. But when it swells again, I clasp the wife to my heart, and we move on with a fair society, beautiful women, noble men, before whom the tropical luxuriance of that world bends and bows in homage; and through endless days and nights of eternal summer, the stately revel of our life proceeds. Then, suddenly, the music stops. I hear my watch ticking under the pillow. I see dimly the outline of my little upper room. Then I fall asleep, and in the morning some one of the boarders at the breakfast-table, says:

"Did you hear the serenade, last night, Mr. Titbottom?"

I doubted no longer that Titbottom was a very extensive proprietor. The truth is, that he was so constantly engaged in planning and arranging his castles, that he conversed very little at the office, and I had misinterpreted his silence. As we walked homeward, that day, he was more than ever tender and gentle. "We must all have something to do in this world," said he, "and I who have so much leisure—for you know I have no wife nor children to work for—know not what I should do, if I had not my castles in Spain to look after.

When I reached home my darling Prue was sitting in the little parlour reading. I felt a little guilty for having been so long away, and upon my only holiday. So I had begun to say that Titbottom had invited me to go to walk, and I had no idea we had gone so far, and that——

"Dont excuse yourself," said Prue, smiling as she laid down her book; "I am glad you have had a good time. You ought to go out sometimes, and breathe the fresh air, and run about the fields, which I am not strong enough to do. Why did you not bring home Mr. Titbottom to tea? He is so lonely and looks so sad. I am sure he has very little comfort in this life," said my thoughtful Prue, as she called Jane to set the tea table.

"But he has a good deal of comfort in Spain, Prue," answered I.

"When was Mr. Titbottom in Spain?" inquired my wife.

"Why, he is there more than half the time," I replied.

Prue looked quietly at me and smiled. "I see it has done you good to breathe the country air," said she. Jane get some of the blackberry jam, and call Adoniram and the children."

So we went in to tea. We eat in the back parlour, for our little house and limited means do not allow us to have things upon the Spanish scale. It is better than a sermon to hear my wife Prue talk to the children; and when she speaks to me, it does seem sweeter than the singing; at least such as we have in our church. I am very happy.

Yet I dream my dreams and attend to my castles in Spain. I have so much property there, that I could not, in conscience, neglect it. All the years of my youth, and the hopes of my manhood, are stored away like precious stones, in the vaults; and I know that I shall find everything convenient, elegant and splendid, when I come into possession. As the years go by, I am not conscious that my interest diminishes. If I see that age is subtly sifting his snow in the dark hair of my Prue, I smile contented, for her hair, dark and heavy as when I first saw it, is all carefully treasured at my castles in Spain. If I feel her arm more heavily leaning upon mine, as we walk around the squares, I press it closely to my side, for I know that the easy grace of her youth's motion will be restored by the elixir of that Spanish air. If her voice sometimes falls less clearly from her lips it is no less sweet to me, for the music of her voice's prime fills, freshly as ever, those Spanish halls. If the light I loved fades a little from her eyes, I know that the glances she gave me in in her youth are the eternal sunshine of my castles in Spain. I defy time and change.

Each year laid upon our heads, is a hand of blessing I have no doubt that I shall find the shortest route to my possessions as soon as need be. Perhaps when Adoniram is married we will all go out to one of my castles to pass the honeymoon.

Ah! if the true history of Spain could be written, what a book were there! The most purely romantic ruin in the world is the Alhambra. But of the myriad castles, more spacious and splendid than any possible Alhambra, and forever unruined, no towers are distinctly visible, no pictures have been painted, and only a few ecstatic songs have been sung. The pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan, which Coleridge saw in Xanadu (a province with which I am not familiar), and a fine Castle of Indolence belonging to Thomson, and the palace of art which Mr. Tennyson built as "a lordly pleasure-house" for his soul, are among the best statistical accounts of those Spanish estates. Turner, too, has done for them much the same service that Owen Jones has done for the Alhambra. In the vignette to Moore's Epicurean you will find represented one of the most extensive castles in Spain; and there are several exquisite studies from others, by the same artist, published in Roger's Italy.

But I confess that I do not recognise any of these as mine, and that fact makes me prouder of my property, for, if there be such boundless variety of magnificence in the aspect and exterior, imagine the life that is led there, a life not unworthy the places. If Adoniram should be married within a reasonable time, and we should make up that little family party to go out, I have considered already what society I should ask to meet the bride. Jephthah's daughter and the Chevalier Bayard. I should say—and fair Rosamond with Dean Swift—King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would come over, I think, from his famous castle—Shakspeare and his friend the Marquis of Southampton might come in a galley with Cleopatra; and, if any guest were offended by her presence, he should devote himself to the fair one with golden locks. Mephistophiles is not disagreeable, and is exceedingly well-bred in society, I am told; and he should come *tete-a-tete* with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Spenser should escort his Faerie Queen, who would preside at the tea-table. Mr. Samuel Weller I should ask as Lord of Misrule, and Dr. Johnson as the Abbot of Unreason. I would suggest to Major Dobbin to accompany Mrs. Fry; Alcibiades would bring Homer and Plato in his purple-sailed galley; and I would have Aspasia, Ninon de l'Enclos and Mrs. Battle, to make up a table of whist with Queen Elizabeth. I shall order a seat placed in the oratory for Lady Jane Grey and Joan of Arc. I shall invite General Washington to bring some of the choicest segars from his plantation for Sir Walter Raleigh; and Chaucer, Browning, and Walter Savage Landor, should talk with Goethe, who is to bring Tasso on one arm and Iphigenia on the other. Dante and Mr. Carlyle would prefer, I suppose, to go down into the dark vaults under the castle. The man in the Moon, the old Harry, and William of the Wisp would be valuable additions, and the sweet singer Tennyson might compose an official ode upon the occasion; or I would ask "they" to say all about it.

Of course there are many other guests whose names I do not at the moment recall. But I should ask, first of all, Miles Coverdale, who knows everything about these places and this society, for he was at Blithedale, and he has described "a select party" which he attended at a castle in the air.

Prue has not yet looked over the list. In fact, I am not quite sure that she knows my intention. For I wish to surprise her, and I think it would be generous to ask Bourne to lead her out in the bridal quadrille. I think that I shall try the first waltz with the girl I sometimes seem to see in my fairest castle, but whom I very vaguely remember; Titbottom will come with old Burton and Jaques. But I have not prepared half my invitations. Do you not guess it, seeing that I did not name, first of all, Elia, who assisted at the "Rejoicings upon the new-year's coming of age?"

And yet, if Adoniram should never marry? or if we could not get to Spain? or if the company would not come? What then? Shall I betray a secret? I have already entertained this party in my humble little parlor at home; and Prue presided as serenely as Semiramis over her court? Have I not said that I defy time, and shall space hope to daunt me? I keep books by day, but by night books keep me. They leave me to dreams and reveries. Shall I confess, that sometimes when I have been sitting, reading to my Prue, Cymbeline, perhaps, or a Canterbury tale, I have seemed to see clearly before me the broad highway to my castles in Spain; and as she looked up from her work, and smiled in sympathy, I have even fancied that I was already there. —*Putman's Magazine.*

THE *Southern Literary Messenger*, for December, contains, in the Editor's Table, this comic poem of Thackeray's, written, we are told, "one morning last Spring in the *Messenger's* office," during a call made upon Mr. Thompson by the author:

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know, how first he met her,
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies,
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed, and pined, and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

THE LEGEND OF HEINZ VON STEIN.

The following, which we find credited to the San Diego *Herald*, is quite equal to that above of Thackeray's.

Out from the dark wild forest
Rode the terrible Heinz von Stein,
He paused at the door of a tavern,
And gazed at the swinging sign.

Then he sat himself down in a corner,
And growled for a bottle of wine,
Up came with a flask and corkscrew
A maiden of beauty divine.

Then he sighed with a deep love longing,
And said, "Oh damsel mine,
Suppose you just give a few kisses
To the valorous Ritter von Stein."

But she answered, "The kissing business
Is not at all in my line,
And surely I shall not begin it,
On a countenance as ugly as thine."

Then the knight was exceedingly angry,
And he cursed, both coarse and fine!
And he asked her what was the swindle,
For her sour and nasty wine!

And fiercely he rode to his castle,
And sat himself down to dine;
And this is the fearful legend,
Of the terrible Heinz von Stein.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

ALL IS VANITY.—Frederick: "There, now, how very provoking. I've left the Prayer Books at home!" Maria? "Well, dear, never mind; but do tell me *is my bonnet straight*—*Punch.*

——Tears do not dwell long upon the cheek of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that only which hath lived its day.—*Landor.*

——According to Dr. Bowring, the imperial census taken about forty years ago, of the population of China is about correct. That census gave an aggregate of 360,000,000 of human beings, all subject to the same sway.

——The *Melbourne Argus* says: "In this, the richest colony in the world, the males outnumber the females to the enormous extent of about 57,000! Think of that, fair ladies! a husband to be chosen from among a desolate surplus of fifty-seven thousand!"

——ANOTHER BLOW AT HUNGARIAN NATIONALITY.—The Emperor of Austria has just issued a decree directing that from the 1st of January next, public instruction shall be given exclusively in the German language in all the State colleges of Hungary. At present, the professors in these colleges give their instruction in Latin, Hungarian and German.

——AN EPITAPH.—The *Athenæum* says that the following inscription is copied from a churchyard in Essex:

Here lies the man Richard,
And Mary his wife;
Their surnames was Pritchard,
They lived without strife:
And the reason was plain—
They abounded in riches,
They had no care or pain,
And the wife wore the breeches.

——A MIGHTY ORGAN.—Some interesting experiments have recently been made at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, with respect to the power required by an organ to fill the building, and a report had been presented to the directors on the subject. As the central transept alone covers a larger area than is occupied by the cathedral at York, some idea of the vast size and power of an instrument which should be heard in all parts of the building may be formed. The committee report that the area required for the instrument would not be less than 3,400 feet, the depth of the organ 50 feet, and its altitude from the ground 140. The cost would not be less than £25,000, and its construction would extend over a period of three years.

——The *Daily News* is requested to contradict the statement which appeared in the *Times*, and which furnishes the material of a leading article in the same paper, that the Admiralty have *not* ordered Sir John Franklin's name to be struck off their books. Such a measure could only be taken in the event of his death being reported or all search proving fruitless; for, so long as older captains are retained on the books, his age (67) cannot be considered a disqualification. But no such report has been made; and even the searches now making by Belcher to the east, and Collinson to the west, are not yet concluded. Indeed, the latter, as we learn from the *Amphitrite*, had not been heard of by any one of the ships sent to deposit provisions, &c., last Autumn, in his supposed homeward track. It is not the intention to abandon Collinson thus prematurely without further search, and in seeking him, we may hope also to discover some survivors of Franklin's company.

——COUNTING BY STICK-NOTCHES.—Dr. Bowring told the Exeter Literary Society the other day, that he took to himself the credit of being the incendiary of the old Houses of Parliament, from the circumstance that he was Secretary to the Commission of Public Accounts, which recommended a reformed system at the Exchequer—that English should be used instead of dog-Latin, and that the numerals and figures which everybody now employed, should be employed for the public service, instead of the absurd, unintelligible, and barbarous sticks which were employed up to that time. There was a peculiar indention in the sticks for a thousand, and a smaller for five hundred—a smaller one for one hundred, and a smaller still for lesser numbers, even to pounds, shillings, pence, and farthings. When the indentions were made, the sticks were slit in two. In the government business, for example, one part remained with the exchequer, and the other with the tax collector, if a dispute arose, the both halves of the stick were produced, to see if they corresponded. That incredible system of things existed down to their own time, when a new system of things was introduced. Twenty-five years ago the tallies were ordered to be burnt, and it was in burning them that the Houses of Parliament were burnt down.

—— THE AJETAS OR NEGRITOS.—The people with whom I had come to amalgamate for several days, appeared to me rather in the light of a large family of apes than of human beings. Even their voices resembled the small cries of those animals, and their gestures were identical. The only difference I found consisted in their knowledge of the use of the bow and lance, and in being able to make a fire; but in order to depict them well, I will commence by describing their forms and physiognomies. The Ajetas or Negritos are bony black, like the negroes of Africa. Their utmost stature is four feet and a half; the hair is wooly, and as they take no pains in clearing it, and do not know how to arrange it, it forms a sort of crown around the head, which gives them an exceedingly fantastic aspect, and makes the head appear, when seen from a distance, as if surrounded with a sort of *auréole*. The eyes are rather yellow, but of a vivacity and brilliancy comparable to that of the eagle. The necessity of living by the chase, and of pursuing the prey without cessation, exercises this organ in a manner which gives it this remarkable vivacity. The features of the Ajetas somewhat resemble (*tiennent un peu*) those of the African blacks; the lips, however are less prominent. While still young they are neatly formed; but the life they lead in the woods, sleeping alway in the open air without shelter, eating a large quantity one day, and often nothing the next, and prolonged fasts followed the repasts eaten with the gluttony of wild beasts, produce a large stomach, and render the extremities meagre and lank. They wear no clothing, with the exception of a little belt of the bark of trees, eight or ten inches wide which encircles the waist. Their arms consist of a lance of bamboo, a bow of palm-wood, and poisoned arrows. They live upon roots, fruits, and the produce of the chase. They devour their meat almost raw, and live together in tribes consisting of fifty or sixty individuals. During the day, the old people, the infirm, and the children, assemble around a large fire, while the others are hunting in the woods; and when they obtain a prey that will last for some days, they all remain around the fire. At night they all sleep *pêle-mêle* among the ashes of the fire. It is extremely curious to see fifty of these creatures of all ages, and more or less deformed, thus collected together. The old women, especially, are hideous; their decrepit limbs, large stomachs, and extraordinary head of hair, give them the appearance of furies or old witches. The Ajetas have no religion, and adore no star. It appears, however, that they have transmitted to the Tanguianes (a brown race inhabiting the neighbourhood), or have learned from the latter, the practice of worshipping for a day a rock or the trunk of a tree, in which they find a resemblance to some animal or other. They then leave it, and think no more about idols until they meet with some other object of an equally frivolous worship. The Ajeta has an incredible agility and address in all his movements. He ascends the highest trees like the monkeys, seizing the trunk with both hands, and applying the soles of his feets. He runs like a deer when in the pursuit of large game—his favourite occupation. It is extremely curious to see these people departing on a hunting excursion; men, women, and children, all go together, like a troops of ourang outangs on a plundering expedition. They are always accompanied by one or two small dogs of a singular breed, which aid them in pursuing the prey after it has been wounded. —*Ethnological Library, No.* 1.

—— DEATH OF MRS. OPIE.—The death of Amelia Opie, aged eighty-five, is one among the thick-coming mementoes which mark not merely the flight of time, but the quality of popular fame. In her day, the part played by Mrs. Opie was not an obscure one. She was first known in her birth place, Norwich, as the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Dr. Alderson, a physician of that cathedral town—and this at a time when Norwich possessed other local celebrities besides herself. Subsequently, as the fascinating second wife of the "Cornish Wonder," Mrs. Opie, by her grace and her musical talents, drew a circle around her in London, only broken up by the untimely death of her husband the Painter, in 1807. The social reputation, too, was largely helped—nay